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KANSAS ZEPHYR.

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL.

NUMBER 31.

SEPTEMBER, 1884.

THIRD YEAR.

Contributed.

FRIENDSHIP.

True friendship is a holy tie
That binds us to a cherished one;
A treasure wealth can never buy
Nor music ever with it vie
In melody and depth of tone.

Increasing through the passing years,
It weaves a web of golden thread,
That shields it from the scoffer's sneers;
Its brightness stems the tide of tears,
In anger, pain, or sorrow shed.

Oh times it turns aside a blow
And stops the work of Envy's hand.
Its depth we mortals ne'er shall know
Until we leave this sphere below,
Uniting in a brighter land.

FRANK W. LEE.

Contributed.

A LEGEND.

IN the most remote portion of the old Spanish quarter of St. Augustine there stands a house, in which is visible none but the oldest forms of architecture, and its whole appearance, with its combination of towers, turrets and bartizans, indicates that its designer, fresh from scenes of war and plunder, sat him down in his coat of mail and planned massive walls mounted with parapets and flanked by trusty barbicans, its halls thronged with noisy guests and the clanking tread of armed warriors resounding along its stone floors.

This dream has been realized, but it long ago vanished and its author has mingled his dust with that of his brave but avaricious followers, in the attempted conquest of the New World. One by one the family disappeared, and when old Fort San Marco passed from Spanish hands, this quaint old pile was occupied only by a lady and her son. The monk in his convent or the prisoner in his cell could scarcely have led a more secluded and solitary life. The Spanish of the town paid them distant homage, for they could remember how, when the colony was near a speedy dissolution a ship arrived from home bearing in a young

knight of noble aspect but without a name, he brought with him relief to the starving colonists. To show his firm faith in the future of the colony, he had brought his young bride and infant son to share its fortunes. Regardless of all ties of country and of home, he came as Alexander went, to carve his fortune from the conquered lands. After building this mansion he placed therein his family and went away with his troop of arms, in gallant array, and was forgotten by all save the one who had sacrificed so much to attend him here. They were evidently oppressed by great want, but the pride of the stately dame taught her to conceal her poverty, and if perchance some sympathizing stranger made her a friendly visit, they found her sitting by one of the narrow unglazed windows that overlooked the river and the sea, arrayed in rich garments of a decade past, her hair, made grey by years of anxious expectation, confined by a jeweled comb, and a black lace mantilla encircling her gracefully poised head and shoulders, and looking not upon the gay throng that promunciated the level bench, but watching and waiting for something she knew would never come. For well she knew that the gay young cavalier who had sailed away from her, had perished long ago with his warlike band in the unknown wilderness of the far Southwest.

Yes, he is gone and there remains to her but the one joy, her son. He is now a boy just reaching manhood. His secluded life has made him melancholy and thoughtful. He has wandered the old house over and over, has tried on the armor that hangs on its walls and has held the sword his father held on many a well-fought field, and remembering the stories his mother has told him of the home in Spain and the gay and happy life they led there, he broods over her sorrow at being so far from her native land.

But there is one room that from infancy he has been taught not to enter, for his mother has told him that the last charge his father gave when he went away was, "Guard well the key that hangs in the west tower. But should I not return until my son has reached the age of arms, give him the key and bid him remember that his father's trust goes with it." The key was new and bright then, but when the ancient dame placed it in the hands of her

THE JOURNAL.

Vol. 3.

Marshalltown, Iowa, Saturday, June 5, 1896.

No. 10

THE LOST SON.

It was in the summer of 1849 the place was the town of L— in the eastern part of Pennsylvania.

In a house in that place were seated three persons: a lady, a boy, and a girl. From their looks we should judge that the lady was about thirty-five, the boy about fifteen, and the girl about ten. The house was not elegant, yet it was comfortable and everything about it showed that Mrs. Kingley might well be classed among the neatest of housekeepers.

"Charlie" said his mother, "I wish you wouldn't associate so much with Frank Darbet. Now there is Ned Whitewood, Joel Hassings, and Russel Porting who live a good deal nearer here and much better boys, I think, and yet I scarcely ever see you with them, but instead you prefer to walk half a mile in order to be with Frank Darbet. Now why is it that you had rather associate with him than with any body else?"

"O, I don't know, I seem to have

more fun with him than with any one else," replied Charles.

Evening came and as the clock struck seven Charlie said: "Well Mother, I guess I will go over to Frank Darbet's. He has got a kite that I want to see."

"Come home early" said his mother as he started out of the door.

"Oh dear! I wish he wouldn't go there so much. I am afraid that Frank is leading him into mischief," she said as she wearily put away the tea-dishes.

—TO BE CONTINUED—

—§—

A little girl went into a neighbor's house one day, where some apple-parings lay on the table. After sitting awhile, she said: "I smell apples." "Yes," the lady replied, "I guess you smell these apple-parings on the plate." "No no," said she. "Tain't them I smell. I smell whole apples."

X-PN 4827

THE KAY SEE AMATEUR

(Not at the top, but climbing)

Vol I December, 1932 No. 2

Published by Harold D. Bearce, Member
of the United and the National Amateur
Press Associations. Editor's Address is
8242 Flora, Kansas City, Missouri.

GOOD-BYE

John E. Walsh

My attention was attracted by an article in the Summer issue of *Prairie Wind*. The article, by Harold E. Flint, dealt with the words "Thank You." Have you ever stopped to think that probably the most commonly used words in any language are the parting words, "Good-bye"? In the United States and Canada we are wont to say "Good-bye" or "So Long" while the English gentleman departs with a merry "cheerio" or a smart "ta-ta." France voices a hearty "Au Revoir," while Germany, with a curt "Auf Wiedersehen" ends a conversation. Last but not least, the short word used extensively in Mexico and in Texas, a word full of meaning and well-wishing, "Adios." No doubt each and every country has its own peculiar way of saying the above but the ones I have written are the most common. The writer of this article wishes to express himself in the short word or phrase that this article deals with, and thus puts an end to this base rabble.

.....
We welcome John Walsh into the United. Mr. Walsh's father was an old-time member of the United—about 1902.
.....

Mr. C. W. Walton prints some clever and interesting stuff on the Sunnyside Press.

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KAW CHIEF JOURNAL

SEPTEMBER 1932

Published by:
HARLAN W. MILLER
1205 Rhode Island Street
Lawrence, Kansas, U. S. A.

Published as often as enough advertisements
are received.

Rates:

1 page 50¢ ½ page 25¢ ¼ page 15¢



LL publications need money to pay its expenses; some depend upon high subscription rates or high advertising rates, or both, for this. The *Kaw Chief Journal* is free to those requesting it, and the advertising rates are as low as possible. At these low prices it is necessary that there are many ads from satisfied advertisers. They will be satisfied if the

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KOOKABURRA CHATTER

Vol. 1.

NOVEMBER, 1933

Number 4.

APR 20 1944

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF

Kookaburra Universal Correspondence Club.

(One year 2/-, 3 years 5/-.)

OFFICIALS.

1/1, William H. Miller, 21 Como Av., South Yarra, S.E.1, Victoria, Australia (President and Secretary). 11/5 Leong Hong Hee (Vice-President). 5/1, H. M. Campbell (Sales Manager). 84/1, Timpy Hebblewhite (Assistant Secretary). 18/6, Leon Rothfield (American Agent). 75/3, Philip W. Evans (European Agent). 2/1, Sidney H. Harris (Manager Junior Section).

REPRESENTATIVES

41/1, W. J. Merehant (New South Wales). 24/10, Ch. Mikelsons (Latvia). 63/14, Mme. P. Nautre (France). 44/16, A. Gomez (Spain). 53/6, Clyde A. Phillips (Colorado, U.S.A.).

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

One page, 14/-; 1/2-page, 8/-; 1/4-page, 4/6; 1/8-page, 2/6; Classified, 25 words 1/-, every 3 words extra 2d. K.U.C.C. will mail 50 circulars for 6d., 100 for 1/-, or 175 for 1/6.

OFFICIAL SECTION — PARTIE OFFICIELLE.

With this issue you receive the K.U.C.C. International Code (1c), and from now on you should have no language difficulties in exchanging. Owing to the heavy cost of printing the code, the magazine has been reduced temporarily to four pages.

Avec ce numero vous recevrez le code international du K.U.C.C., et il n'y aura pas de difficultés en échangeant à l'avenir. A cause du prix du code, ce numero ne contient que 4 pages. Je regrette que les signes du code en français et allemand ne soient pas prêts, mais j'espère qu'ils paraîtront avec le numero prochain.

Doubtless you will have noticed the kookaburra in the heading. From now on this will be our club badge. It was drawn by our Assistant Secretary, Miss T. Hebblewhite, and she certainly did it well, eh?

Le "Kookaburra" dans le titre sera toujours la marque du club. Il était dessiné par Mlle T. Hebblewhite, notre secrétaire auxiliaire. Elle l'a fait bien, n'est pas?

The club has grown slightly larger, owing to the incorporation of the "United Correspondence Club," a small English club. All former U.C.C. members will receive free membership till February 31, 1933.

The complete membership list will appear in the next "Kookaburra Chatter" which will consist of at least 8 pages.

Le numero prochain de "Kookaburra Chatter" contiendra la liste complete des membres, et n'aura pas moins de 8 pages.

Members 83 and 120 should send me their revised code signs by next January, cut down to 15 signs, or 1d. for every extra sign. In future members will only be allowed more than 15 code signs on payment of 1d. per extra sign.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM H. MILLER.

X-PN 4827
THE KAY-SEE AMATEUR

(No esta el trompo; pero subiendo) H

Established November, 1932

Vol. I January, 1933 No. 3

Published by Harold D. Bearce, Member
of the United and the National Amateur
Press Associations. Editor's Address is
8242 Flora, Kansas City, Missouri.

THE FLYER'S DEATH

By Spanker of Luxemburg

An aeroplane was flying over a great wood of Russia. Jimmy O'Kelly, the courageous pilot, handled his machine with security, but he was now tired because he had been flying for over seven hours. Jimmy looked on his map and said to himself, "This must be the spot where the explorers are in distress." And he laughed contentedly, thinking, "Now I must receive the premium promised by my company. I shall be rich and famous. How merry my wife and children will be when I shall return safely. Thus, thinking of better days, he continued to beat the wood for a landing-place. Where were the glare marks on his map? While he was searching he suddenly felt his machine sinking a little deeper. "What is it?" he cried impatiently. All at once he knew—his oil was giving out. Jimmy O'Kelly was unavoidably forlorn; what if he could not find the landing-place! Night was drawing near, and the wood was immense. The machine descended by degrees. All at once it brushed the top of a tree. A crack! The airplane lost its balance and tumbled over, hanging in the branches. The young man was thrown out of the cabin and fell to the ground. There he lost his senses. In his fall he had broken his spine and bruised his head cruelly. Immediately he was covered over

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RECEIVED
COMMERCIAL
APR 29 1944

July Headlight May Be Tardy

I have done work heretofore at home, and am opening up a job office down town with my son.

The Headlight will be under the same management, and in its present form at least during 1933.

Business is coming encouragingly from near and far, mostly far, but of course not yet to the point of net profit. Any favors in job work or of purchases from our Hope and Help Souvenir Series, will help us extend our field of usefulness.

Tokens of friendship bearing helpful, up-lifting, energizing thought, from penny goods up, in exquisite stationery and art covers. Always something new for greetings on all special days.

We extend a perpetual welcome to all members and other friends, second building west of Court House Front Holdrege, Nebraska.

Fraternally and sincerely yours,
C. F. Copeland

X-PN 4827

HS



KOOKABURRA CHATTER.

Vol. 2.

JANUARY, 1933.

No. 5.

Official Organ of

Kookaburra Universal Correspondence Club.

(Incorporating "P.C.C.", "S.S.P.A.", "U.C.C.", "L.H.L.")

— 2/- yearly. 5/- for 3 years. —

21 Como Ave., South Yarra, S.E.1., Victoria, Australia.

OFFICIALS.

President and Secretary, William H. Miller. Vice-President, Leong Hong Hee. Assistant Secretaries, H. M. Campbell, Leon Rothfeld, and Miss T. Hebblewhite. Manager of the Junior Section, S. R. Harris.

REPRESENTATIVES.

New South Wales, W. J. Merchant. France, Mme. P. Nautre. England, Philip W. Evans. U.S.A., Clyde A. Phillips.

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

Whole page, 14/-; 1/2-page, 8/-; 1/4-page, 4/6; 1/8-page, 2/6. Smalls ads., 25 words 1/-, every 3 extra words 2d.

CIRCULAR MAILING.

K.U.C.C. will mail circulars at the following rates: 50 for 6d., 100 for 1/-, 175 for 1/6, 250 for 2/-.

OFFICIAL SECTION — PARTIE OFFICIELLE.

This issue of "Kookaburra Chatter" is a month early, because it would be quite impossible for me to issue it next month. However, the next issue will be at the regular time, next May.

La Direction requete ses membres de lui envoyer une article pour inserer dans le journal. Cette article doit etre en francais, et doit remplir une page du journal.

In our first year we have passed the 200 mark. This is no mean achievement, and we look forward to reaching the 1,000 mark by the end of 1933. Our members are just beginning to show some club spirit and take more interest in the membership competition.

We did not copy the title of our "Philatelic Fragments" from an article of the same name in "The Australian Stamp Monthly," as one of our members suggests. On the contrary, our "Philatelic Fragments" appeared first.

Don't omit to read the bit headed "K.U.C.C. members . . ." on the last page.

Wishing all members a happy and prosperous new year.

Yours sincerely,

WILLIAM H. MILLER.

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Specimen copy 10c. in stamps on request to

Dr. Benjamin Camozato, Rura dos Andradas, 1431. Porto Alegre, Brazil.



THE Kookaburra

VOL. 2.

MAY, 1933.

No. 6.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF THE

Kookaburra Universal Correspondence Club.

21 Como Ave., South Yarra, S.E.1,

Victoria, Australia.

(One year 2/-. 3 years 5/-)

— ADVERTISEMENT RATES. —

1 Page, 14/-. Half Page 8/-. Quarter Page 4/6. Eighth Page 2/6.

Classified Ads. 25 words 1/-. every 3 extra words, 2d.

OFFICIAL SECTION.

This month we have reduced the magazine to four pages, as the membership list is being printed separately. As the magazine is going to press first, the Membership Competition progress scores may not be quite up-to-date when the Membership List is printed. Now, come on all you members, get going: the prizes are worth it. Help the Club along.

In future, instead of calling members by the rather long K.U.C.C. 1/1a. the letters KM, signifying Kookaburra Member. will be used thus.. KM1/1a.

You will notice that the title of the magazine has been changed to the "KOOKABURRA". This is considered more suitable.

Here's luck to you all in our Membership Competitions.

WILLIAM H. MILLER.

AUSTRALIAN MEMBERSHIP COMPETITION.

There will be a SPECIAL PRIZE of 5s. awarded to the member who introduces the most new members in Australia between 10th May and 10th July. All introductions to count also in the main membership competition

APN 4827

THE KAY SEE AMATEUR

(Hindi sa tass; kong ipapanig.)

Established November, 1932

Vol. 1 January, 1934 No. 4

Published by Harold D. Bearce, Member
of the United and the National Amateur
Press Associations. Editor's Address is
8242 Flora, Kansas City, Missouri.

SPHINX

NATALIE HARTLEY WOOLEY

Oh, you who are strangely wise,
Knowing so many things,
Seeing the ages passing slow
Here in the Vale of Kings.

What is your mystic meaning,
What do those veiled eyes see?
A vision of the future, or
The past's futility?



Kookaburra

Vol. 3

MARCH 1934

No. 9.

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
Kookaburra Universal Correspondence Club.

Incorporating

Boomerang Correspondence and Exchange Club; Tiger Correspondence and Exchange Club;

P.C.C.; S.R.P.A.; U.C.C.; L.H.L.; and S.C.C.

Subscriptions: 1 year, 2/6; 3 years, 6/-.

OFFICIALS.

President, Secretary and General Director: Ernest T. Franks, "Rosemount"
Jugiong, via Coolac, New South Wales, Australia Foundation President and
English Agent: William H. Miller, C/o E. E. Miller, Esq., 28 Maida Hill West,
London, W 2; England. Vice President: Leong Hee, Assistant Secretaries: Miss
T. Hebblewhite, F. E. Schramm Manager of Junior Section: S. R. Harris. F.M.
States Agent: Lee Chin Teck

ADVERTISEMENT RATES.

1 Page, 14/-; ½ Page, 8/-; ¼ Page, 4/6; 1/8 Page, 2/6; Classified Ads., 25 words
1/-, 2d. per extra three words.

OFFICIAL SECTION.

WE regret that William H. Miller, our English Director, has been
compelled to give over that position but he will now be our English
Agent.

This issue of "Kookaburra" has been delayed a month and so the
next issue will not come from the press until June.

The new full Membership List will probably be printed in June.

Members who were successful in the last Membership Competition
will receive their prizes from Mr. Miller in England.

We are very sorry to hear of KM 273 having a serious illness and
we all wish him a speedy recovery. He wishes us to advise members
who have written letters to him that he will reply as soon as it is poss-
ible.

Now members, get going in the Annual Membership Competition
—see if you can win! The prizes are well worth it, and you will also
be helping your club.

We are sorry, but we are unable to publish the full Supplementary
Membership List in this magazine.

ERNEST T. FRANKS.

KANSAS & ZEPHYR

OFFICIAL ORGAN OF
THE KANSAS ZEPHYR SOCIETY
SERIAL REPORT

VOLUME: MAN'S SIZE

APRIL FOOL'S DAY
APR 29 1944

NUMBER: A PLENTY

HARK! FROM THE TOMBS—

Those of you who were not born prior to the year 1890, and those of you who, having given vent to your first yap prior to that year, had not then been graduated from safety-pins to buttons, may be justified in wondering just "how come" that a Kansas Zephyr can emanate from Washington, D. C.

Well, much of everything we have here in the District of Columbia comes from somewhere else. Our president comes from New York, our vice-president from Texas, our members of the cabinet from heaven only knows where, our justices of the Supreme Court from sundry and divers localities, most of our so-called statesmen from the hicks—wherever that is. At the same time, Washington has its blizzards from North Dakota, its super-heated breezes (including Huey Long) from Louisiana, its tornadoes from anywhere in the mid-west, its nor'easters from Maine; so, why not its zephyrs from Kansas?

From experiments made by Amelia Earheart, Pasteur, Lindbergh, Einstein, Babe Ruth and other scientific investigators of the fourth dimension in space, it is now accepted as a fact that the only zephyr that ever escaped from Kansas and was felt in the wilderness of the rest of the United States was one that was kicked up in the early eighties by a couple of kids, internationally—not to say interplanarily—known as the Bowersock Brothers, properly identified as Fred H. and Justin D.

Fred H. (that's me), getting tired of looking at prairie grass—and for another reason hereinafter set forth—scooted off to Washington, by way of Chicago, Minneapolis and New York (the city, not the disease)—not to mention Borneo, Abyssinia and Tibet. Justin D., known to his few intimates as "Jus", migrated to that commonwealth the citizens of which have to be shown, ostensibly to practice law. So far as known, he is still practicing. I understand that he continues to maintain that "practice makes perfect". I, and all the rest of our interested and prayerful family, persist in the hope that if he conscientiously practices long enough ultimately he will be able to qualify as an expert.

Be all of that as it may, as I must confess, my brother of mine hasn't the slightest idea that I am making use of his name as a sharer of the responsibilities for this explosion. There was a time when I could lick the tar out of him. Becoming duly and quite apparently (both eyes) conscious of this fact, the ambitious upstart toddled off to Harvard, or some other back of the lap of learning, majoring in gymnastics and pugilism. In course of time he returned to Lawrence, and when I got out of the hospital I was convinced that the climate of Kansas did not agree with me. So that may be considered—if you insist upon being so impolite and so inconsiderate of my feelings—as the other reason why I switched from the Sunflower to Heartsease as my favorite flower.

At that, I want to say right here and in the strictest confidence that I don't think it was quite fair for Justin D., as he stepped from the train and I extended one hand (what if I did have a brick in the other?) in greeting, to chirp: "Oh! look at the little bluebird up there in the tree", and then, when I fell for that bunk, to swat me. As I staggered back toward him, he shouted: "Look out! You are stepping on a snake". When I looked down for a venomous reptile, he swatted me again. I ask you, was that a brotherly way to act? (He didn't give me a ghost of a chance to use that brick).

However, I no longer fear his physical prowess. In the first place, we are separated by about a thousand miles. In the next place, his forehead has grown quite a bit taller—mine hasn't. In the third place, for which anyone who has recently seen us together will vouch, he has accumulated many more aluminum threads among the rusty iron than I have. In the fourth, fifth and sixth places, he has a son who tops him by at least two inches and can lick him to a frazzle—in all human probability has done so more than once. If son hasn't, he ought to have, and it's his own fault. But, while having overcome my fear of physical violence, I must not forget that Justin D., having been "practicing" for so long a time, probably feels fully qualified, without the expense of retaining some lawyer who has been graduated from the school of practice, to sue me for libel, or

4027 #13

Jersey Siftings

AN AMATEUR JOURNAL

Edited, Published and Printed by Robert Telschow, Glen Rock, N. J., U. S. A.

VOL. 1, No. 1

NOVEMBER 1935

WHOLE No. 1

THE MOLD Concerning This 'n That

By ROBERT TELSCHOW

※

I am the die that's cut
To stamp out your design;
And form each groove and rut
That molds your life benign.

I'm not a perfect mold
For such would be Divine;
Love my labors enfold—
Good work and true is mine.

I begin at the dawn
When frame and mind is young;
And mold both brain and brawn,
As well as shape the tongue.

Whether young, whether old,
There'll never be another
Nor better kind of mold—
Than your own good mother.

※

ISN'T IT STRANGE?

How many people sigh for the good old days and fail to take advantage of the golden moments right at their door? They pine for water that flowed under the bridge a long time ago when the sky is clear and bright and radiating happiness, good cheer and opportunity right at the present moment.

A little more than a year ago "we" suspended publication of "MY PAL," a good little magazine for everybody, after printing twenty-one issues. The suspension was necessitated due to failing health, induced by overwork. We put our best into it and perhaps overstepped a trifle. What was to be a labor of love became an arduous grind. So to cheat the mortician we quit.

We thought that when we stopped printing "MY PAL" we'd devote more time to writing and perhaps in the course of time pen an imperishable masterpiece. But this did n't happen. We merely got lazy and shuddered at the sight of pen and ink or the thought of spending time at literary composition of any kind.

So to get back into harness and resume activity in amateur journalism we present *Jersey Siftings*

X-PN 4827

Jersey

Siftings

Edited, Printed & Published
By Robert Telschow
Glen Rock, New Jersey

A GOOD LITTLE PAPER
FOR EVERYBODY

VOL. 1, No. 2
WHOLE No. 2

DECEMBER
1935



APR 29 1944

THE CYCLE

By ROBERT TELSCHOW

At first we creep,
Nourish and sleep;
Then when we grow
It's time to go.

We work, we play,
From day to day;
And wonder why
We live to die.

Sunshine and rain,
Good health and pain;
A little love--
Then Heaven above.

JERSEY'S
VIRGIN
SPOTS

By "JERSEYITE"

NEW JERSEY still has extensive areas as wild and primitive to-day as they were in the days when they were the favorite hunting grounds of Indians. In the hills of the Delaware Water Gap region one hundred and thirty Indian sites and several large Indian burial grounds have been discovered.

The Kittatinny Mountains may be explored by hardy hikers over old Indian trails or logging roads. If you go in for mountain climbing a really grand panorama will spread before your gaze if you essay the climb of Mt. Tammany.

King's Highway, or old Mine Road will be traversed part of

the way. This is one of the earliest roads in the State, having been used by the Dutch settlers long before Philadelphia was founded. The road was once used for hauling copper from the old mine which is to be seen at the Gap, but if you visit it do not go in as it is n't safe.

The Delaware river can be seen most of the way from the rough mountain road, its placid quietness broken occasionally by white-water rapids. In the Kittatinnyes you will find a virgin wilderness undreamed of in such close proximity to the metropolitan area, a wild backwoods retreat only sixty miles from New York.

I'M ONLY A RHYMER

By ROBERT TELSCHOW

"Poets are born, not made--
Thus quoth wise old-timer;
Poet, then, is not my trade--
I'm only a rhymers!

"You've got to know a lot--
Not having you can't give;
Takes brains to say what's what
In poems that will live."

Some day I'll write a "pome"
That'll ring through the ages,
When the muse fills my dome
With wisdom of the sages.

I'd do it now, forsooth--
The urge is there, all right;
(Old-timer spoke the truth)--
I don't know what to write!

A PRODUCT OF
Robert Telschow Press, Glen Rock, N. J.

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#15

Just Rays

Vol. One

Winter, 1935-'36

Number One



"Thoughts"



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PR 29 1944

The night has stolen day away,

And by the fire I sit

Thinking of times past,

Of things that last,

Like Faith and Trust and Love.

And tho I'm tired and sore at heart,

Peace comes to me.

For realize I, that in the sky

Is One, who watches over all,

And knows whats best for Man.

R.A.A.

X-PN 4827

Just Rays

Vol. One

Spring, 1936

Number Two

CONFIDENTIAL
RECORD

Sunset APR 29 1944

The purple foxes of the dusk
Are tangled in the sky
Amid a swarm of golden hounds,
And there they slowly die.

- Miriam Hralley, Pulaski, Va.



Peace Issue

A-PN 4827

#7

THE LIBRARY OF
SOURCES
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KASUL

291944

VOL. 1

JANUARY, 1936

NO. 1

Greetings From the Mailer

I want to wish every member of the Association a Merry Christmas and a Happy New Year, and that the Association itself may have one of its most prosperous and successful years.

What! No Monthly Mailing!

The writer has just received information from Secretary Noel which is sad news for "monthly mailings." He says the December organ cost \$18.00 which leaves \$35.00 in the treasury, and that two more organs in March and June, cost of both \$36.00, will leave us \$1.00 in the hole; that the directors say that Article 8 of the constitution only provides for four organs and mailings per year. I agree with this as to the organs, but not as to the mailings, as the number of mailings is not specified in the constitution.

I cannot understand Mr. Noel's objection to monthly mailings. Of course, economy is necessary, but while under monthly mailings we would have to spend postage oftener, the cost of each mailing would be less. The aggregate cost of monthly mail-

(Continued on Page 3)

APR 28 1936

THE LIBRARY OF
CONGRESS
SERIALS ACQUISITION

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THE KENTUCKIAN

APR 29 1944

JUNE 1936

"For the Amateur Writer"

Home

I'm going home—
How sweet these words of humble
thought
How full of peace—
When buffeted by the world, and sore
We seek it's welcome door.

I'm going home—
From far land we hear its call
And face about—
Dream lighted glow in homesick eyes;
Bright hope that never dies.

I'm going home—
When that last journey leads my steps
To final sleep—
Grant me surcease—no more to roam—
Pleasant God, to rest—at home.

—Margaret Nickerson Martin.

~~~~~

## Bed At Dusk

Darkness warps an ugly love  
And with skilled hands can fashion

Quite a thing of beauty  
Out of passion.

—Ray H. Zarr.

~~~~~

I Wonder

I wonder who could reach so high
To put the moon up in the sky?
Who did it? How? I wonder why?
I don't know, do you?

I wonder what my life will be?
I wonder if I'll ever see
Him? But that's not for me—
For I don't know, do you?

—Norman Hathaway.

~~~~~

## Night

The sun goes down, the  
Shadows fall  
About my shoulders  
Like a shawl,  
And wrap me from the  
Troublesome light.  
Oh, hiest be he who  
Wove the night.

—Gladys Urey.

4827

#19

# THE KENTUCKIAN

August 1936

—POETS' EDITION—

SEP 29 1944

## POST MORTEM

I walked alone in Belleau Wood  
And breathed the fragrant air;  
I feasted eyes upon the scene  
That God had painted there.

I marveled at the quiet scene  
Of flowers, birds and trees;  
And heard the breezes quietly sing  
In sweetest ecstasies.

I walked alone in Belleau Wood  
Ten thousand comrades near;  
I heard the roaring of the guns  
And felt the qualms of fear.

Then came the whine of angry lead  
And feasted on my blood....  
A rotting corpse, I came to be  
A part of Belleau Wood.

—Troah Campbell.

## MY SUNNY SOUTH

My Sunny South, where skies are  
blue—  
Of hand-clasps warm and hearts so  
true—

I love your mountains and your vales;  
Magnolias sweet, and nightingales.

I love your cotton-fields so white;  
Your blossom-scented, tropic night.

When evening shadows cover all,  
I hear again a bob-white's call.

Though through the years we've  
grown apart,  
You're still enshrined within my  
heart.

Oft in my dreams I homeward fly,  
And from my heart goes out a cry:

"Yes, Dixie-land, with skies of blue,  
All that they say of you is true!"

—Florence Brown.



## Just Rays

Third Issue

THE LIBRARY OF  
W. SCOTT

APR 29 1944

### To A Miniature

Features beautecus, classic, pure,  
Blue eyes calm, unwavering, sure,  
Smooth fair hair, unmarred complexion,  
Give an aura of perfection.

Tell me, were your lovely hands  
Ever soiled by work's demands?  
Did you ever tear your gown,  
Lose your temper, scold, or frown?

Lady, in your old gold frame,  
Cloistered from a world of blame,  
Bide here in my escritoire,  
Hidden in the secret drawer.

- Sally Everett, Columbus, Kansas

X-PN 4827

#21

# THE KENTUCKIAN

Vol. 2 Neon, Ky. May, 1937

Neon Beckons **Nov 29 1944**

By Ben C. Webb

Hidden down in the valley between the mountains of Kentucky lies the fair little town of Neon. With its funny little streets and buildings. On entering the town, you will find prosperity shining on every business window, and at night the well lighted streets are a beautiful sight. True, our little, growing city will not and may never equal that of any other city, you could not expect it to be one like New York, but it is something different and you'll like your stay when the convention rolls around.

When time comes for members to appear at the convention, you will find the best that you could expect from the hill-folk. You will be welcome at every door. We are hoping to see many of our fraternal friends that we have long wanted to see. So, here's hoping that everyone of you can make arrangements to be here. You'll have something to write home about, you'll see many of Kentucky's historical spots and you'll enjoy both days of the convention!

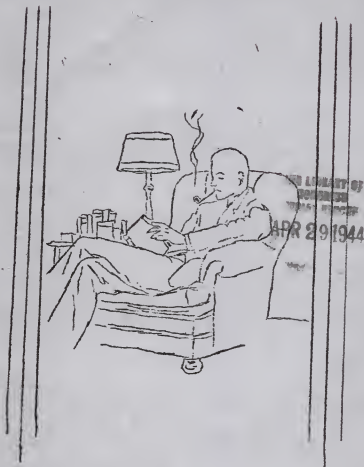
## TO THE VOTERS OF THE UNITED

Ye editor has been appointed Custodian of Ballots at the convention, when you vote send one copy to me and the duplicate to Dr. Noel. All ballots will be kept with care and secrecy until time comes for them to be counted.

X-PN 4827

#22

# JOTTINGS



THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
APR 29 1944

X-PN 4827

## The Kentucky Amateur

Volume I April, 1938 Number 2

## THE BEAUTIFUL OHIO.

Running eternally,  
 Never pausing,  
 Never ending,  
 Never reaching a destination,  
 Futility? Oh, yes,  
 Yet it never stops  
 To mourn,  
 Always leaving,  
 Never returning,  
 Never tiring,  
 Never resting.  
 Moral? What right have  
 We mortals to complain?



X-PN 4827

## The Kentucky Amateur

Volume I March, 1938 Number 1

## CONTENTMENT

The calm that comes after a hard day's work,  
 That peaceful moment in the twilight,  
 That hour when dark, soft, shadows link,  
 And all the home is going right.

The time of day when father smiles at mother,  
 Even sister smiles at brother,  
 The quiet moment when, hand in hand,  
 The family gazes into happy land.

The empty space just after work, and just before  
 bedtime,  
 The hour when there is nothing to be done,  
 And just sitting and thinking is great fun,  
 These few moments of a hum-drum day are sublime,  
 This is the lull of life—Contentment.

By MARGARET MALIN,  
 West Point, Ky.

X-PN 4827

## THE KANSAN

No. 2

## THE DUST STORM

The dust storm! That howling, merciless thing that creeps up when you last expect it. It is the killer of man and beast . . . to say nothing of hopes.

A farmer will awake to find it pitch dark. This means only one thing - the dust storm. Quickly he straps his handkerchief and goes out to take a look at his animals. They, afire with fear, are milling about uneasily. To add to all of this there is the danger of a stampede. Yes, the dust storm is one of man's greatest worries.

X-PN 4827

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No. 2

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JUNIOR NATIVE 1938

X-PN 4827

The Junior Native

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

Vol. 1

NO. 3

GOOD OLD U. S. A.

Miss Lisel Wolf jumped from her fifth floor room at 225 East 61 Street, New York City. Miss Wolf, small, dark-haired and attractive, who spoke excellent English and gave the impression of a good background and education, had been trying for three weeks to get permission to remain here.



Looking down at her well-cut clothes, she would tell listeners she would do anything, even scrub floor, rather than return to Europe. Miss Wolf took her own life rather than be deported to her native land.

'When Mr. Roosevelt steps from office it will be with the plaudits of a grateful nation,' Jim. Early, April 20 1938.

KIDS TIMES 9-38

X-PN 4827

1175  
THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1943

# KIDS TIMES

No. 3 SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1938 Vol. 2



THIS ISSUE: Corresponders Column  
And Others

X-PN 4827

827

# KIDS TIMES

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION  
APR 29 1944

No. 3 SEPTEMBER - OCTOBER 1938 Vol. 2



THIS ISSUE: Corresponders Column  
And Others

X-PN 4827

#31

## THE KANSAN

No. 3

January

1939

## FELLOW MEN

Years ago they dreamed of castles  
 They would own some future year  
 One lived to keep on dreaming . . .  
 The other toiled on his career.

They grew into manhood;  
 The change appeared quite clear,  
 One was now a pauper  
 And one a millionaire.

By Emil Tenyak, 226-16 St., Barberton, Ohio

X-PN 4827

#31

## THE KANSAN

No. 4

May

JUN 28 1939

## A HOME

It's a only house in our town,  
 Unpainted, bleak, and small--  
 The bricks have crumbled from the  
 chimney  
 And the plaster is falling from the  
 wall.

It may only be a shabby thing  
 But it's welcome to those who roam,  
 Inside joyous voices ring  
 To them it is  
 A HOME.

--by the editor

X-PN 4827

#32

## THE KANSAN

No. 4

May

JUN 29 1939

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 Unpainted, bleak, and small--  
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 chimney  
 And the plaster is falling from the  
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It may only be a shabby thing  
 But it's welcome to those who roam,  
 Inside joyous voices ring  
 To them it is  
 A HOME.

--by the editor



X-PN 4827

# The Katydid

#33

AFFILIATED WITH THE AMERICAN ANTHROPOLOGICAL ASSOCIATION

Number One

--

Spring, 1939

APR 29 1939

## Roaming

IT IS March the first as I write. Outside the wind is skipping along and the sun's few feeble rays of warmth filter down to the crisp ground. It all reminds me of the last time, many months back, when I wrote copy for my AAPA journal.

(On September eighth, I climbed to the roof of one of the buildings at the camp where I was working, and perching there in the deluge of sun and groaning wind, I banged out copy for what was to be the final number of *The Rip*. On that day I wrote that in October I was going to silently slip from Pittsburg; to where and for how long I could not say. But, I added, I would turn up in many places unexpectedly and would come to settle some place, finally.

That copy never reached print. Unknown to me, the late amateur Clemence was on his death bed. And I sent my copy to him.

(Continued on the next page)

KATYDID 1939

#34 THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
JUN 28 1945  
The Katydid

AFFILIATED WITH THE KATYDID CLUB

Number Two

OFF Summer, 1939

X-PN 4827 Variations on Love

- I Your love, my soul,  
is to me  
as bright blue stars  
twinkling  
in a sea of pale blue sky,  
for your eyes  
twinkle  
as you whisper:  
No love  
was ever like this before,  
no love ever like this . . .  
dear heart.

- II Your love, dearest,  
is to me  
as an orange-red sun half-set  
(Continued on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

#35

The Katydid

AFFILIATED WITH THE KATYDID CLUB

Number 3

Autumn, 1939

Visit

He was standing on the porch that overhanging day in the early week of August when I hopped from the trolley. From where I stood on the curb I could see him plainly a hundred yards away, even to the cemented smile that froze on his face.

For a moment I stared at the creature. I had seen him before, yet I stood and stared at a distance. He was thin and looked not a bit graceful as he ran toward me with remarkable speed. A kind of friendliness emanated from the face, a kind of warmth.

I had come to visit a friend. . . .

The following morning I was alone.

It was sweltering in the woods, even in the early morn. It was summer and sizzling hot. The pond that nestled comfortably in the hollow of the earth was still. Even the earth was still.

Nothing stirred. Nothing. save a lone woodpecker with an ivory bill, anchored to an old maple-trunk, drumming his monotonous solo, "Kak! kak! kak! kak! . . ."

(Continued on next page)

X-PM 4827

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## THE KANSAN

No. 3

Fall

1939

APR 29 1944

*The Chase*

The sun was very hot but it was much cooler in the shade. Across the bay to the left there was a large colony of pelican nests among the mangrove trees. Opposite them to the right were the dark, colored, broken-down negro shacks. An old southern gentleman sat quietly upon a chair seeing everything when there was anything to see.

Down the road came a young northern vacationist. The old man's eyesight was not too good, but he observed most everything the youth was doing. Suddenly the northerner removed his hat carefully and made a swing in mid-air apparently at nothing. The old gentlemen opened his eyes wide. Then the northerner ran down the road waving his hat madly. The old man watched with mounting interest. The young man ran a zig-zag course up and down, back and forth-- and apparently there was nothing near him! At last he lost his hat. In a few minutes he reached the water's edge. There he got into a convenient boat grabbed the oars, and rowed like mad for the middle of the bay. Here he ripped off his shirt and waved it around

(Con't. on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

1137

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

## THE KANSAN

JUN 28 1945

No. 5

Fall

1939

*The Chase*

The sun was very hot but it was much cooler in the shade. Across the bay to the left there was a large colony of pelican nests among the mangrove trees. Opposite them to the right were the dark, colored, broken-down negro shacks. An old-southern gentleman sat quietly upon a chair seeing everything when there was anything to see.

Down the road came a young northern vacationist. The old man's eyesight was not too good, but he observed most everything the youth was doing. Suddenly the northerner removed his hat carefully and made a swing in mid-air apparently at nothing. The old gentlemen opened his eyes wide. Then the northerner ran down the road waving his hat madly. The old man watched with mounting interest. The young man ran a zig-zag course up and down, back and forth-- and apparently there was nothing near him! At last he lost his hat. In a few minutes he reached the water's edge. There he got into a convenient boat grabbed the oars, and rowed like mad for the middle of the bay. Here he ripped off his shirt and waved it around

(Con't. on Page 4)

X-PN 4827

# JUST RAYS

Fourth Issue

Winter, 1938-'39

Sonnet

APR 29 1944

Sometimes at night strange spirits gather round  
My bed to talk to me. I have no fear,  
For I have learned that in this spectral sphere  
Is all the poetry that Fancy's found.  
At times the Night's too sheer for me to dwell  
On common things. Just why the rasping rain  
Is only fragile bulbs of cellophane  
That bead the half-real shadows, I can't tell.  
"The day will never be just day to me,"  
I planned last night. I've felt sweet unknown Things  
While I am sleeping, grace me with their wings  
And whisper that the night will ever be."  
But, then the sun came up and I awoke  
And thrilled to see a wisp of chimney smoke.

- Miriam Bralley, Pulaski, Va.

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KANSAS CITY CINEMA CLUB NEWS 3-39

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CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945



## KANSAS CITY CINEMA CLUB NEWS

Vol. I

March-April, 1939

No. 5

### FIRST ANNIVERSARY MARKS A YEAR OF REAL SUCCESS

Special Programs, Club Activities, And Frequent - Social Events  
Result In Increased Membership And Added Club Enthusiasm.

New members are now being accepted. Meetings are held the 2nd  
and 4th Wednesday evenings of every month in Room 206 (use 1310  
Wyandotte entrance) in the Municipal Auditorium.

#### First Annual Banquet A Huge Success

Splendid turn-out of members and their friends makes 'Heap Big  
Feed' the club's social highlight of the year! Event celebrates first  
anniversary--will be continued as an annual club function.

The Club Room in Municipal Auditorium was temporarily  
abandoned, Wednesday evening February 22nd and in place of the  
regular meeting, all members gathered at the beautiful Southern  
Mansion to partake of a sumptuous banquet in celebration of the club's  
first successful year.

In addition to the seven course steak dinner, there was music, dan-  
cing and entertainment and everybody had a swell time.

#### Title Film Given Club

Bell & Howell sent the club a short film displaying the various  
styles of type and hand-lettered titles on different backgrounds.

# JR. ARCS REPORTER

Member, United Amateur Press Association of America  
VOL. 1 NO. 2 MARCH 23, 1939 BY SUBSCRIPTION

## Daniel Gutman Thanks Junior Arcs

In a letter to the Junior Arcs of Temple Sinai, Daniel Gutman, State Assemblyman, who recently addressed our organization, expressed his thanks for our "efforts in behalf of his election." In doing so, he wished us "success in all our endeavors." The text of his letter follows:

"Dear Friends:  
"On the evening of being sworn in as a member of the 1939-1940 Legislature of the State of New York, I want to take this opportunity to express to you my sincerest thanks and appreciation for your efforts in behalf of my election.  
"It was, indeed, a pleasure to address your group and I sincerely appreciate your thoughtful congratulatory message.  
"I want you all to know that your group impressed me and I wish you success in all your endeavors."

## MURDER!

From an American citizen whose sister arrived recently from Germany:

"My sister lived in a small province town. The entire Jewish population there amounted to about two hundred souls. Early one morning she was awakened by knocks on the door. It was a storm trooper. 'Is Max living here?' 'Yes,' my sister replied. 'I must see him at once,' was the trooper's retort.

"When my brother appeared, protesting the intrusion, the Nazi-hero, without a moments hesitation or warning, pulled out his gun and shot him in the face.

"My sister went into hysterics. She ran into the street shouting for help and for a doctor . . . but was immediately placed under arrest by the waiting gangsters. When later in the day she was released, her brother had bled to death.

"For days the body could not be buried. All the Jews in his town, including the only Jewish undertaker, had been arrested and placed in concentration camps. No Gentile undertaker dared to bury the dead man. Finally, with the aid of a woman relative, my sister managed to sew together the burial garments necessary and it was she who with her own hands dug the grave and buried our brother."

—THE IDEALIST

BOYCOTT NAZI  
BARBARISM

## Help Wanted

Any member of the Junior Arcs who wishes to join the staff of THE REPORTER should apply to Al Wiener, Managing Editor, at the next meeting.

## To Jewish Boys and Girls Between the Ages of 14 and 17 Who Live In Brownsville and East New York:

The Junior Arcs of Temple Sinai, composed of Jewish boys and girls between the ages of 14 and 17, are inaugurating their mid-season membership drive with a gala, "double feature" open meeting and forum on Sunday, March 26.

There will be a full-length talking picture presented, together with a talk and forum on the subject "Nazi Germany and What It Did To Me" conducted by Mr. Richard Roitner, the renowned German philosopher who came to America after escaping from a Nazi-concentration camp.

Admission is free — there is no charge or obligation whatsoever. Come spend an enjoyable and profitable afternoon and bring your friends. Everybody is welcome.

The meeting will take place in the Vestry Hall of Temple Sinai on Arlington Avenue and Bradford Street. The program will start promptly at 1:30 P. M.

THE JUNIOR ARCS OF TEMPLE SINAI

A is for athletics  
R is for religion  
C is for culture  
S is for social

## ATTENTION!

Arthur Shapiro announces his intention to organize a Thespian Committee whose purpose will be to present plays and skits at meetings. All those who are interested should contact the above-mentioned member at our next meeting.

Our friend Arlie, incidentally, has the male lead in Philip Barry's "Holiday," which will be presented by the Student Aid Fund of Thomas Jefferson High School on Friday and Saturday, May 5 and 6.

Admission is twenty-five cents and the proceeds are devoted exclusively to aiding needy students and their families.

## A PRAYER

May the Lord, when Father Coughlin is called before Him, show a less stony heart than he is showing at present by his systematic attacks on the prostrate body of Jewry.

May the Lord forgive him for lacking that Christian spirit demonstrated by the Good Samaritan who didn't ask his fellow man, lying helpless by the wayside, if he was a criminal, a Jew, or a Roman, but who, without hesitation helped as much as he could . . .

BOYCOTT NAZI  
BARBARISM

## THE LAW

"What doth the Lord require of thee but to do justly, and to love mercy, and to walk humbly with thy God?"

The petty tyrants flout the truth,  
With force and fraud their deeds are done;  
They grind the weak, they show no ruth.  
The great are just to every one.

The petty tyrants proudly go  
And where they march leave wreck behind;  
They have no care for human woe.  
The great are merciful and kind.

The petty tyrants shout their claims  
That all shall tremble when they nod;  
They bid men hail their noble names.  
The great walk humbly with their God.

The petty tyrants boast their power,  
But all the might they deem secure  
Shall crash to earth with wall and tower.  
The great build strongholds that endure.

ARTHUR GUTTERMAN

## Calling All Jitterbugs!

The Spring season this year is to be greeted by the biggest dance yet sponsored by the Junior Arcs of Temple Sinai. It will be held on Saturday evening, March 25 in the Vestry Hall of the Temple.

There will be continuous dancing to the liting strains of Jimmy Carlton's Highland Swingsters, supplemented by a recording system with all the latest hits as played by the big bands.

As an added attraction, several well-known vocalists will do their stuff. And last, but not least, a cash door prize will be awarded to some lucky person.

The price of admission is only twenty-five cents a person, payable at the door, so bring your friends or best girl for a delightful evening.

Don't forget—  
DATE—Saturday, March 25  
TIME—8:30 P. M.  
PLACE—Temple Sinai, Arlington Ave. and Bradford St.

## Boys High Five Cops Div. Title

By beating Buswick High School on Tuesday, February 28, the Boys High School quintet secured itself of first place in the Brooklyn PSAL First Division.

Having suffered defeat at the hands of Franklin K. Lane, the B.H.S. Basketball team is completing their most successful season in modern PSAL history.

Boys High School has had, at some time in PSAL competition, a championship team in every sport in which it has participated.

ARE YOU A BOOSTER?

## HOW MANY CAN YOU ANSWER?

(Thanks to Miss Gladys Mandel)

1. What is the meaning of Amen?
2. Name the Jew that became Prime Minister of England.
3. Did Jews ever believe in Polygony?
4. What living English chemist is a renowned Zionist?
5. Who is the greatest living Jewish scientist?
6. Who was the founder of the Zionist movement?
7. What Jew financed the American Revolution?
8. Who is recognized as the outstanding American Jewish leader today?
9. Who was the author of the inscription on the Statue of Liberty?
10. Where is the only Jewish city in the world, and name it?

Answers will be found on page two.

#41 THE JOURNAL AMERICAN  
VOLUME 1 MAY 1940 NUMBER 0

OWING TO CONDITIONS

beyond our control we were unable to complete a larger paper for this bundle. If nothing prevents us, we will have a paper in the next mailing.

\*\*\*\*\*  
WE PLAN TO GIVE

X-PN 4827  
the result of our research into the topic of SUNDAY  
And WHAT DAY IT IS. Linton Clark gave a  
false conception in his April AMERICAN INDEX.

X-PN 4827

#42

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

the ISLAND RECORD

JUN 28 1945

60PV

GIFT



Vol. 1, No. 5  
May, 1940



The  
Kink

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

AN A. A. P. A. PUBLICATION

VOL. 1 MAY 1940 NO. 2

Exhibit Journals In Your  
Local Libraries



ALL SET!

*Exhibit a.j.'s. in  
your local library aid-  
ed by the librarian  
who will assist quite  
readily on such an in-  
teresting display.*

*Write the Pub-  
licity Bureau for any  
further information.*

*You'll be all set to welcome the new mem-  
bers into amateur journalism.*

KATYDID 1938

The Katydids

AFFILIATED WITH THE

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

Number Four

COPY

WINTER 1940-41

X-PN 4827 Thoughts

by ERNEST A. ARAIZA

As we grow older, we begin to take a more serious attitude towards our existence, and we wonder why we are here on earth, struggling, rarely realizing our ambitions, hoping that someday we shall have accomplished something. Why, we wonder, are we here attempting to achieve something that we hardly ever complete? *Why?*

Through our infancy and childhood, our thoughts never turned to our future. We were in the stage of innocence, a senseless stage where play and diversion were the only thoughts that ever entered our minds. But, in adolescence, as we prepare for maturity, our mind is suddenly awakening to the realization that life is not merely play and fun, but that in its stead, we find doubt, worry, hardship, vexation, and to fulfill our desires, we must make a sacrifice.

We are merely human beings, the highest form of animal, who in some way have conquered earth and have made it our serf; and, as animals, we must toil to arrive at the peak of perfection, perfection we know we shall never attain.

X-PN 4827

# The Katydid

AFFILIATED WITH THE A.A.P.A.

THE LIBRARY  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION

#46

JUN 28 1944

Number Six

SUMMER, 1940

## Tidbits

Alonzo's *Empersand* is about the most original journal I've seen in ajay bundles for a long time, and why 'n adevil should we worry if it's printed on butcher's paper? :: Linton Clark, a neighbor o' mine, is working overtime, I dare say, to get out his *Index* every month, as he's been doing since the turn of the year :: wish all you ajays will take note of my new address, as found on the bottom of page two :: and welcome back to Jim Francis, who was the hustler in the A.A.P.A. before ol' man sickness took him down :: Erich Werner sure tucked away the honors in the laureate competition, didn't he :: I hope to see more of Merton Hiatt's *Advocate*, 'cause there's a journal with plenty of meat on the inside :: by the way, should any of you ajays be motoring past this part of the country this summer, just drop in at the Pomfret School and look me up—I'll repay you with a delicious home-made licorice milk shake :: and if the bundles continue to be so full I'll have to add another drawer to my desk :: with which the katydid once more glides on.

✱

X-PN 4827

# The Katydid

AFFILIATED WITH THE A.A.P.A.

THE LIBRARY  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION

#45

JUN 28 1944

NO. 6

SPRING 1940

## A-Pirating

It was one of those crisp days, in early February, when the thick, soft snow had fluttered down in silence and heaped itself in sticky layers upon the branches of the trees and the faces of the rocks that are anchored in this none-too-fertile soil of northeastern Connecticut. The air was not so dreadfully cold that it stung, but just enough to keep the blood boiling.

On such a day as this, Linton and I went a-pirating.

Now Linton had told me, in one of those ecstatic moments when the tongue was glib and the mind simply smarting with enthusiasm, of a legend of one "Blackbeard" Teach who, in the years that elapsed between 1713-18, was merrily wont to plunder the rich West Indies trade and, in the role of a smiling conniver, practice "petty" bribery with the governor of one of the Carolinas.

Now it is said, according to the legend, that Teach, when being pursued near the end of his bloody career, embarked at New London, Connecticut, and, unloading much of his portable booty, began the long trek up the Nipmuck Trail, which lead to Boston. Near the small village of Hampton, Connecticut, the Nipmuck began a two-mile parallelation to another trail, the Tatnick, which connected Worcester and Norwich. It is thought that "Blackbeard" in his instinctively cunning manner, cross-

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#47 THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
#A4E0009  
*The Katyard*

AFFILIATED WITH THE JUN 28 1940

Number Seven

Between Colons

AAPA pins arrive! : and what a piece of shining neatness they are : thanx should go to President Helen, Treasurer Bill, and the manufacturers of the pin :: and gosh, George sure displayed the old stick-to-it-iveness in rolling out the '38-'39 yearbook : glad to see the constitution in the hook : heretofore, many AAPAIans have never set eyes upon our governing document :: three proposed amendments to constitution, as printed in August official organ, only attempt to raise second year dues to dollar, when fifty cents can carry us through : and amendment on associates attacks problem from the wrong flank : aim should be to delete associates and inactives : for, if we set membership limit in near future, associates and inactives may bear promising a. j.'s from entering our ranks : who are associates? : we have no list of such : and inactives should not be permitted to renew membership : directors have constitutional power to refuse their renewals : broad bloc of inactives may control and swing election by their numbers over the actives : United APA, some five years ago, under Noel and his crew of inactive friends, did just that : founders of AAPA know that for a fact : 'twas chief reason for founding the American :: and this brief sentence, hugged in between colons and shoved to the foot of the page, is to announce my candidacy for the presidency of the AAPA in the forthcoming election :: with which the katydid glides!

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# JUST RAYS

FIFTH ISSUE      Spring 1944

By A BROOK

APR 29 1944

*I* know a brook, where, in waters shallow,  
The liquid, shimmering, sun-gold lies.  
There snowy petaled yulan flowers bloom.  
There sings a swooping, happy, blue-winged swallow,  
A spider, ere the glittering dewdrop dries,  
Weaves silken beauty on his fragile loom;  
And great old trees their shadows throw around,  
And with their roots help form a mossy chair.  
One walks through grasses, soft; and green, and tall;  
And blue skies, cloudless, clear, and smiling fair,  
Arch like a peaceful blessing over all.

—DOROTHY E. JACOBS  
Wallington, N. J.

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THE KANSAS

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

No. 6

February

JUN 28 1940

MAN IS MAD

Man is a builder  
Of his structures, it must be said they are wonders  
Yea and countless are his works --  
Progress then becomes his byword,  
Ever striving to relieve the pain and sufferings  
Of his fellow human beings,  
Contrast with his former self;  
He has become a raging beast,  
An ugly, destroying monster  
Lusty to kill, and kill some more.  
Fate only laughs  
For she knows that MAN IS MAD.

by Emil Tenyak, 226 16 St., Barberton, Ohio

THE BRONX, 300 YEARS OLD

1939 marks the 300th anniversary of one of New  
York's oldest and greatest boroughs, The Bronx. 300 years

(Con't. on Page 4)

THE KANSAN 28 10-

No. 7

April

1940

AUTUMN'S ART GALLERIES

It has been said that all the great nature studies hang in the art galleries of the various cities. If you happened to be with me this morning, you would also disagree.

I was walking alone, climbing the hill toward home. It was a usual "Indian Summer" morn, with a warm southern breeze wafting away all signs of drowsiness. Down in the valley was a quiet lake surrounded with high hill covered with trees, all ablaze with autumn colors. The dried grass around the lake was full of cobwebs sparkling with dew drops; on an old fence hung bunches of blue grapes that reminded me of frosted jewels; bitter sweets dotted the hill sides with their conspicuous red color. Then came the Dawn! The sun rising over the hills beyond was like a gigantic stage light, magnifying the beauty that was everywhere. This picture was not only reflected in the water, but was in the sky as well. It seemed as if the hea-

(Don't on Page 4)

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CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1940

# THE KANSAS

NO. 8

MAY

1940

## THE AMERICAN ALMANAC

For over two hundred years the American people have been acquainted with the annual almanac.

Benjamin Franklin, the famous American statesman, was the founder of the first one. He published the well-known Poor Richard's Almanac, which for twenty-five years was a household necessity to most of the American people.

When the first almanacs appeared, very few newspapers or other printed material was available to the reading public. Thus a booklet which could furnish reading material through-out the entire year was more than welcome.

Today a few almanacs are sold at small sums, while others are distributed free by firms as a means of advertising.

The early issues contained the weather forecast for the entire year, famous sayings, dreams and their meanings, and even political prediction. These features were eagerly read by the early American.

Today these once treasured publications are being pushed back and are seldom read. This fact would undoubtedly shock Benjamin Franklin if he were to pay us a surprise visit today.

By Robert Wyckoff, 456 Pearl St., Grafton, W. Virginia.

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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

SERIALS RECORD

JUN 29 1940

## The Journal American

A. A. P. A. Member

GOPY Charter A-30

Vol. 1

July, 1940

No. 1

*The Redhead*

Being left alone on your father's farm is no joke, and especially at night. But such was the predicament little red-headed Charlie Jones found himself in one evening.

His father had told him to go after the cattle, but Charlie, having a mind of his own, went for a dip in the run. Charlie did not like to swim alone that way, but the day had been a scorcher and the lure was too strong. Before he knew it much time had passed. As the long shadows of the cool evening breezes blew he shivered into his clothing, walked over the hill and found the cows. He whistled on the way back to the house but thought it rather strange that there was such a dead silence in the house. A lonely feeling suddenly fell over him as he walked through the house calling:

"Mother!"

"Pop!"

"Sis!"

His only answer was a hollow echo. The house and its entire surrounding seemed to have a gloomy pervasion about it.

Out in the kitchen he found a note telling him to milk the cows and separate the milk. All the rest of the chores



# The Journal-Crusader

NEWS AND VIEWS OF THE A. A. P. A.

VOL. 3

JANUARY, 1940

NO. 1

## ALL 'OFFICIAL CANDIDATES' ELECTED!

### Lack of Opposition Results in Another Uneventful A. A. P. A. Election

**JOBSON BY NARROW MARGIN OVER E. PRICE, WERNER WINS CONTEST FOR 2nd V. PRES.  
ONE AMENDMENT MAY PASS; VIVARTTAS, SMITH, WISE, HAYWOOD ELECTED**

Marked by few contests and little campaigning, the AAPA has elected its 1940 official board. While totals were not yet available, less than 100 ballots were cast, those following the official list of candidates entirely.

Unopposed and elected were: Helen A. Vivarttas, Pres., Wesley Wise, Editor, Bruce Smith, Sec'y, William Haywood, Treas., Norman Levine, Club-Chapter Mgr. F. W. Miller, Emil Tenyak, Walter Crews, Kenneth Weiser, and Ernest Araiza were elected Directors with the 6th announced candidate, Sid Cohen, losing out. For 1st Vice President, with no official candidate, George H. Kay was leading.

In the contests, Erich Werner won over Jack Garske for 2nd Vice Pres., Robert Kunde was re-elected Hist.-Recorder over Roy Malmgren, Wayne Williams came out ahead of Hauff and Lodwick for Publicity & Mailing Mgr., Jobson won the closest race in winning the Publishing & Printing office for E. Price, and Edgar Martin defeated Shleihauf for the Criticism & Ms. position.

## NEW MAILER READY TO START

Mailer-elect Wayne Williams writes: "Having plenty of time, I should be able to handle it efficiently. Bundles will be sent out the first of every month. Editors will know just when their papers should be in, and members will know about when to expect the mailing."

ED. NOTE.—It is assumed the next mailing will be Feb. 1, but publishers should get their papers in by about the 25th of the month for the next month bundle, as the mailer must have time to prepare the bundles for mailing. Don't forget a contrib.

## LIST OF NEW OFFICERS

PRES. — Helen A. Vivarttas, 452 Palisade Ave. Weehawken, N. J., 1st VICE PRES. — George H. Kay, Little Falls, Minn., 2nd VICE PRES.—Erich H. Werner, 425 E. Michigan St., Marquette, Mich. EDITOR—Wesley Wise, 247 S. Green, Wichita, Kansas, SECRETARY—Bruce W. Smith, 709 S. Jefferson, Green Bay, Wis., TREAS.—William Haywood, 2986 Briggs Ave., New York, N. Y., HIST.-RECORDER—Robert Kunde, RFD, Stevensville, Mich., PUBLICITY-MAILING MGR.—Wayne Williams, 116 NE 8th St., Abilene, Kansas, PUBLISHING-PRINTING MGR.—James K. Jobson, 532-B Park Ave., Atlanta, Ga. CRITICISM-MS. MGR.—Edgar A. Martin, 2 Broad St., Manchester, Conn., CLUB-CHAPTER MGR.—Norman Levine, 18 President St., Hempstead, N. Y. DIRECTORS—F. W. Miller, 297 Elm, Holyoke, Mass. Ernest Araiza, 337 N. Ford Blvd., Los Angeles, Calif., 225 16th St., Barberton, Ohio, Walter P. Crews, 1122 Edgewood, Jacksonville, Fla., Kenneth Weiser, 19 Edgewood, Schuylkill Haven, Penna.

# The Journal-Crusader

A. A. P. A. News &amp; Comment

Vol. 3

May, 1940

No. 2

## Jim Francis Returns to the AAPA

*Former Prominent Member  
Still Troubled by Ill Health*

After an absence of more than a year, James Francis has just applied for reinstatement in the AAPA. In a letter dated April 24, 1940, he says: "I sent my application to Bruce Smith today and am already making plans for an issue of DAKOTA DUST."

Many have waited and hoped for the return of Jim Francis, whose publishing activity was an important factor in the early success of the new association. But since his health is not yet entirely satisfactory it cannot be hoped that his activity will immediately become as great as it was in 1937.

Without doubt the return of Jim Francis will add to the great showing the American is making this year.

## Convention Goes to Milwaukee in Final Battle with Detroit

*Detroit Withdraws to Allow Full Field for Milwaukee*

Following a campaign commencing last year between Milwaukee, Wisconsin, and Detroit, Michigan, the latter city recently withdrew to end the uncertainty and permit final plans to be made.

The date for the convention will be announced shortly. Both cities are very good for such a gathering and the Michigan members have put the welfare of the association above their own desire to have the convention, since further uncertainty would have reduced the possibility of holding a good convention anywhere.

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# THE JUG

THE A. A. P. A. ADVERTISER

VOL. 1

OCTOBER, 1940

NO. 1

## HI! FELLOWS

The other day I had a brainstorm. I thought that our club needed a paper in its circulation that only contained advertising. SOooo here it is.

**THE RATE WILL BE \$.35 PER  
SQUARE INCH.**

If you want to buy or sell something just send me your ad, and I will fix it up swell. The ad **MUST** be paid for in advance.  
The more ads the larger the paper will be.

**NOW DON'T FORGET!  
SEND YOUR ADS TO  
JOHNNY WILEY  
1500 TENTH STREET  
WICHITA FALLS, TEXAS**

JUN 28 1945

# THE JUG

VOL. I

NOVEMBER, 1940

NO. 2

## RALPH BRANDT RESIGNS

### CONVENTION

Houston is an excellent place to have our next convention. It has every thing that New York has or has ever had. It is the 26th largest city in the United States with a population of 386,000. Big passenger liners come into its harbor every day. It has the most beautiful women in the world. (With the exception of Wichita Falls, ahem.) I think that it also has a beer company plant. Their is a large paper plant near Houston that the convention would probably go visit during the convention. It's going to be Houston in '41.

### CRITICISMS

I hate to have a column like this in my paper, but since every one else has one, I guess I might as well have one.

One of the best papers in the September bundle was The PRESS AGENT. It was published and printed by Dave Gradillas.

(Continued on Page 4)

The AAPA has suffered the loss of one of its greatest members. Ralph has quit for a good cause, but he is needed in the AAPA. Ralph hasn't been a member very long. He attended the convention held in Milwaukee. He traveled several thousand miles to and from the convention. He has been a very active member in the club and should be awarded the office of president. He probably would be elected by a land slide. Hey fellows why don't you write Ralph and urge him to rejoin. I think he might if he was urged enough. The Texas Chapter and the entire club wants you to rejoin. Wont you please, Ralph.

### NOTICE

I was unable to print this paper myself because I sold my 5 x 8 Kelsey hand press. I sure do hate to have some other fellow print my paper, not that I don't think that he will do a good job of it, but I like to print myself. I want a small foot press very much. If you know

(Continued on Page 4)

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SERIAL RECORD

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JUL 8 1941

# JUST FOR THE RIDE

Vol. II January, 1941 No. 1

## "....And Justice for All"

During the past few years there appeared in this small world of amateur journalism affairs a sheet of hazy religious and political opinion. You are right, I refer to the **Reminder**.

With generalities whose scope are almost unlimited, its editor speaks of Anglo-Jewish capitalism, the undermining of the world, and similar fantastic mental inventions of of notorious anti-semites. He accuses, and in the the very next sentence admits that he isn't positive of his accusations. (One good example of this appeared a year or more ago. Sir John Simon must be a Jew because his name sounds Jewish. [Which he isn't.] This "indisputable provable fact" is probably based on the editor's "50 years of personal observation and study.")

If I may line myself up with Mr. Bradofsky of California, I too say—"If you,

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SERIAL RECORD  
JUN 28 1945

# THE KINK

*American Amateur Press Association*

VOL. 2

JUNE, 1941

NO. 3

## Type Survey To Augment Publishing Bar. Records

Printers are asked to fill in the blank which will be found with this issue of the KINK and send along with their papers for the next mailing. Kay will forward all to the Printing Bureau thus giving a complete survey of typefaces members own.

Press records we have, we need type records. Will you cooperate?

Non-printers send direct to Irwin O. Brandt.

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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

# The Katydid

AFFILIATED WITH THE AAPA

JUN 28 1945

Number Eight

Winter, 1940-41

## Alonzo.

Nothing so blasted funny as *The &mpersand* has hit the AAPA bundles since the early days of the Association, when *Amateur Giggles* died a beautiful death. And nothing so original has appeared in amateurdom since gosh knows when.

But who is this genius behind it all?

Sometime ago I shot the &mpersand man one of my colon-cards and asked why he doesn't tell us members who'n-the-devil he is—tell us all about himself. 'Cause every a. j. I talk with or write to is wild about his journal, about his limericks, about his jingles, about his stories, about his lino-leum cuts, about his scoreboard. But being either modest or cynical—or perhaps only playing safe!—Alonzo refuses to budge for the general public. So this, which I reprint (without permission), was eked out of him via postcard:

"I am afraid you would find me a very prosaic person to know: as prosaic as the butcher's paper I use to print the &mpersand on. A proposition is the wrong word to end a sentence with. As to who I am: I am, of course, Alonzo B. Leonard. What I am, a guy who is having a heck of a good time putting out an amateur paper. As a sideline I work for a living. As to what I look like, get a barrel and put a pumpkin on top of it and you'll have my 'photograph'—I weigh 213 pounds. Imagine me picking a quarrel with a little inoffensive handpress! As for the members being interested in my who, what and how, I don't think they would be. I know my own interest in Fiddler McGee waned after I saw him on the screen."

And thus Alonzo.

# JUST RAYS

SIXTH ISSUE

WINTER, 1941-1942

## Twilight In Shenandoah

From Shenandoah's fertile green  
We watched the blue-gray cloud arise  
Where taupe hued mountains once had been  
Drenched by sun from smiling skies.

Then, in the twilight interval,  
When burnished glints of sunshine fades,  
The subtle darks of evening fall,  
All gray, and blue, and purple shades.

And all across the rolling land  
The gentle, stealthily shadows slide:  
Hushed legions of the night time stand  
To guard the drowsing countryside.

— Dorothy E. Jacobs  
187 Maple Ave., Wallington, N. J.



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THE LIBRARY

# KAYNOTES

JUN 20 1941

Volume one      October, 1941      Number one

## A Few Recollections

My memory could be better; I don't "live in the past", but it is hard to forget the last hectic months of 1936. Walter Ward Hamill and Karl Williams, of the most active early group, have been out of the picture since 1937. Marvin Neel is on the sidelines and Bob Price is active only when things are 'right'. One could go on about others who came and went, or came and stayed, but I'm no historian.

The important point is that our junior association is very much alive and kicking (as usual) after five years. We've had more papers, more trouble, more fun, and less money than the two older associations, and for sometime none of our critics have dared to forecast early death for the AAPA.

One thing is certain, there's been very few dull moments in the five years. We've had controversies but they were soon forgotten and I, for one, hold no hard feelings. Probably the next five years will be pretty much the same as the last five, but those of us who are able to remain active will enjoy them as much. Those years will bring new names, new publications, new controversies; some will fade away while others stay to make history.

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Vol. 1 September 1942 No. 2

# HELL-BOX

Lost thoughts and comments lured from  
the old melting pot by Walt Strombach,  
who prints this at Irvington N. J.

## VOTE OUR TICKET!

President Al Ross  
1st V. P. Bill Bradfield  
2nd V. P. Luther Watson  
Secretary Ray Albert  
Treasurer Charles Riddle  
Official Editor Geo. Kay  
Historian John Vaglianti  
Mailer Bob Maney  
Publishing & Printing Wesson  
Mss. Mngr. Gordon Rouze  
Clubs & Chapters Hawes  
Directors Haywood, Clark,  
Bill Smith, Phelan, & Vivartass

## Kaynotes for April, 1942

GEORGE H. KAY Editor, Printer & Publisher

*Printed when the urge becomes irresistible by the above mentioned  
AAPA member at his "hill-draft-do-us-part" home in the vicinity of  
Little Falls, Minnesota.*

This is the Fourth Number

## Kaynotes

May 1942



No. 5

### Views on Amateur Printing

Comment in my last issue may have led to the belief that I am an ardent admirer of our youngbloods. Our hobby IS largely FOR and OF YOUTH—and we have some promising youngsters. Beyond saying that my comment takes a very pessimistic turn, so be warned—

The AAPA is in its 6th year; Editor Phelan must choose between Irwin Brandt and me for printing the official organ—and both of us are in our middle thirties! In other words, in over five years James Francis is the only member to progress to a point where he was willing and able to print the official organ. Wes Wise printed the organ, but he owned his outfit and was an experienced printer before joining the American—the association and the hobby were not responsible for his development as a printer. Karl X. Williams and Robert Price, other printers of the organ, were not AAPA developments and were not what I call 'youngbloods'. Both were former

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*Kaynotes*

KOMMENTS FROM NAPA

No. 3

MARCH, 1942

*Sez I, Stiffing a Yawn—*

Even without the war situation, I fear my amateur interest would be suffering. The membership seems in that state—when one gets it, another catches it, until all have it.

To Chas. Riddle goes the honor of being the hottest amateur in the American right at present—and don't forget that he is quite a new member, which just goes to show that we need a constant influx of new blood to replace those who lose interest or drop out for one reason or another.

I had a revival of fair degree recently and worked out a plan to publish a co-operative Journal, open to all members who want to have a page or more in it and pay cost of printing their page or pages. I wrote to some of the members about it, but at this writing it is too early to tell the outcome. But after riding the idea hard for a week or so, I have it worn down to where I'm only mildly interested in the outcome.

I've even been unable to work up any enthusiasm for a good old anti-NAPA campaign—and you know it's pretty bad when I can't get interested in that!

But I'll come forth with an occasional sputter unless or until Uncle Sam demands my activity.

#67

# JUST RAYS

SEVENTH ISSUE

THE LIBRARY  
SPRING 1944

## Peace

APR 29 1944

Through trembling darkness giddy stars appear  
And pierce the sombre stillness of the night.  
The solemn tops of leafless trees weave clear  
And sharp against the painted pale moonlight.  
Below upon the campus grounds gray snow  
In ragged patches spreads beneath the brush.  
The winter came, and now it soon will go:  
The gentle breezes of the spring now hush  
The fears of winter night, and terrors cease.  
Now all my world lies wrapped in tranquil peace.

*Richard B. Dunlap*

*1034 Kenilworth Ave., Berwyn, Ill.*

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# JUST RAYS

EIGHTH ISSUE

AUTUMN, 1942

## The Answer

This morn I took a thoughtful view  
Upon the early world of dew.  
A twisting rabbit jumped at me,  
A flicker hammered on a tree;  
A butterfly in golden dress  
Brushed by my face in soft caress.  
A squirrel trembled on a fence,  
Personifying innocence.  
"Are Earth's small ones," it came to me,  
"Anxious to flaunt timidity?"  
Leaving the door -- "Let these things go."  
I almost said, then smiled to know  
The calm sagacity that lies  
In a lazy kitten's eyes.

— *Miriam Bralley, Pulaski, Virginia*

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#67

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CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945

**KINK**

COPY

ONE

an amateur

publication by Walter O. Strombach and Co-  
editor Doris Schwanke only for the

*American Amateur Press Association*

VOL. 2

JANUARY, 1942

NO. 4



**north  
east  
south  
west**

● *you'll find ajoy  
the world over*

PN 4827.

#70

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1965

KINK

Amateur

publication by Walter O. Stromb.  
Editor Doris Schwanke only for the  
*American Amateur Press Association*

VOL. 2

NOVEMBER, 1942

NO. 5

## Army Call Takes Kink Editor

Army call interrupted what would doubtless have brought about greater activity on my part as well as that of my co-editor. Press, type, and equipment are being readied to spend duration in idleness, this issue being the first as well as the last to come off our newly acquired 6 x 12 C. & P. Gordon press. Boy, it's a honey too!

If there is any way possible to publish any one journal in my shop or elsewhere, it will certainly be done. Unfortunately, Doris couldn't be taught enough to take over the printing duties.

Doris intends to carry on with her writing, contributing to the Mss. bureau and to the other club journals. She is intensely interested in all phases of the hobby especially writing.

Not many farewells have I given, but bidding farewell to *Kink* is proving the hardest. It is not to be a final one because we are all coming back. *Kink* bug bit hard so I know I'll hold this stick in my hand somewhere in the future.

To you who carry on, I say don't leave this great American hobby slip from your grasp, but strive to make it an even greater hobby for the men in service to return to after the war.



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IN LIBRARY OF  
 CONGRESS  
 1942 REPORT  
 OR 291944

Vol. 1

January 1942

No. 1.

There seems to be only one subject in which the U.A.P.A. is interested, and I do not feel competent to write on that, however, as all seem to feel that they should express themselves, I will try to give my opinions and suggestions also.

First, I wish to make it clear that I do not mean any remarks to be personal or to give offense, I am a new member and know only what I have read in the bundles. And I do not understand all of that. I did not know any one or of anyone, until I visited the National Convention at Louisville. I was attending and participating in a state convention of another organization, that was meeting at the same time and place. So I was present only at a part of one session, and the Luncheon given by the Courier-Journal. A lady from New Jersey first showed me the program, which was so full of attractive things that I was immediately interested, also the name U.A.P.A. attracted me. When a lady from Washington took the time to explain everything to me, I felt sure it was the sure organization that I was invited to join in Washington, D.C., something more than twenty years ago. (But then I had a job, was being courted, married and having

X-EN 1007

#72

*The Quasi-Occasional Kitty*

## KAT

Number 20

October 1942

Wesson sez "Off sez 'T'hell with the margins!"  
Maybe it is a fairly good idea! Let's try it.

Maybe it does look terrible.  
But who cares?  
You do?



NOV. 5 - 1942

Why?

*New Suggestions*

The list of members who feel that the old National Amateur Press Association needs a few changes, continues to increase. Since I wrote my plea for activity in *Kat* 17 both *Tryout* Smith and *Lucky Dog* Thrift have separately suggested changes. Hadley Smith now suggests that our Constitution Revision Committee swing into action.

"Something must be done soon about the accumulation of deadwood in the Nat'l.," says Hadley. "Better a membership of 100 or 200 that is 100 percent active than 500 with 50 percent active. Why not drop all former presidents who do not pay dues? Putting former presidents on the life roll without activity or dues was my proposal at the Boston 1894 Convention. After 48 years it is too top heavy."

I agree with that. We have about forty ex-presidents on our rolls. Many are still leaders. Many contribute handsomely; some don't. I think those who still have any great interest in the NAPA will gladly pay dues.

"A radical suggestion to cut down deadwood," Hadley further suggests, "is have the Constitution refuse renewal of membership unless the dues are backed by a paper or article printed since the last Convention. Unless a member publishes or writes, he is out of place in the National."

"To simplify records, have all memberships expire Dec. 31 each year. The reason for this is so the Secy. can send out a form letter calling for dues and requesting copy of a paper or article published since the July convention. This will serve two purposes—to qualify the member to vote the following July, and qualify for renewal.

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#73

The *Quasi-Occasional Kitty*

Library of Congress

Central Serial Record

Received

# KAT

NOV. 5 - 1942

Number 21

October 1942

In case you kick about the margins on the previous issue, I will give you big ones here.

Dear Babcock:

Your *Kat* says Pres. Parker wants you to criticise manuscripts that come in [and need it—added by ed]. Pres. Parker seems to believe your criticism of mss. would make publishers want them more hungrily. [Um; I wonder!] I'm sure Pres. Parker meant no harm but contemplate what would happen; all stories would begin to have the true Babcock flavor; and while that flavor isn't bad at all—in fact, fine [Thanks, George!] doesn't it follow that everything would become monotonous? [Gimme back those thanks!] . . . So-if you would like a story every week I can supply one. I don't care what you do with my stuff, but if you can

#74

*The Quasi-Occasional Kitty*

# KAT

Number 22

November 1942



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#75



July, 1943

Vol. 1, No. 2

## The Official Organ As A Solution To Our War Problem

Publishing in the AAPA has slumped considerably, due to some publishers going into armed service and war work, and others just quitting. This cuts our means of keeping the members interested and our field for publication of the work of our writers.

Since our greatest field for recruits is now older men and girls or women, the ratio of potential publishers will be lower. More writers will create more demand for space in which to print their material. So our decrease in publishing will create a serious problem.

The solution to the problem is a larger official organ, using more general material from the members. To pay added cost of printing a larger organ, subscriptions should be solicited at 50c a year. Subscribers added to our mem-

(Continued on Page 4)

THE JOURNALISTIC DISPATCH  
Vol. 1 No. 2 April, '43

---

**HARGIS MYSTERY STORIES  
TO APPEAR SOON**

Because my press is in  
bad condition I won't  
be able to get out ma-  
ny issues of the Dispatch, but  
to remain active I'm turning to  
my other interest --- writing  
mystery stories. They will be  
sent to the Manuscript Bureau.  
Watch for them!



---

**A Good Slogan for the AAPA:**

"In correspondence there  
is union; in union there is  
strength!" --The Editor.

---

#77

# JUST RAYS

NINTH ISSUE

WINTER, 1942 - '43

## Melancholy

*When quiet melancholy takes my arm  
And leads me slowly through the cold dark night,  
I know the pensive beauty of her charm -  
Her long cool hands are soft and strangely white:  
Her palid face is sweet: her wistful eyes  
Are dreamy depths of gentleness: her lips  
Are tender portals to her heart: her sighs  
Are fragrance which the night air sips.*

— Richard B. Dunlop

## The Kentuckian

JUN 28 1943

Vol. I, No. 1

July, 1943

Page 1

## INTRODUCTION

This paper, "The Kentuckian" is, to be exact, two years old. Two years ago it was born in the mind of its editor while he was yet a farm boy finishing high-school in the hill country of Kentucky. During that time it has been nothing but a plan-a dream if you please.

Success was almost achieved when the editor teamed up with Dan Harrington for a proposed publication, "Blue and Gray." That, however, was washed-out twice and finally given up as a failure. Now, however, with no hindrances either in time or money, I have decided to publish the long-planned Journal.

I think the time of my decision most opportune. There has been much talk lately of AAPA "folding-up" as a result of the war. Personally I believe the talk merely that, with nothing to back it up. To prove that Journalism need not die with the coming of wars I want to add my bit to its cause. I can, perhaps, in some small



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SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1943

## The Kentuckian

Vol. I, No. 3.

September, 1943

Page 1

### *Song Of The Battlefield*

The sun rises red in the chill morning mist,  
The dew on the grass of the desert is kissed  
By the first brazen rays from a shimmering sun;  
A battle's to fight, and a war's to be won.

Hail to the king of this bare desert world,  
The screaming dust storms, and heat waves that swirl.  
Despot sublime, enthroned upon high,  
How great are our rulers? Yea, prince of the sky.

What think you of rulers with men as their pawns?  
With weapons of war that shatter your dawns?  
Of weak striving men on the desert down there  
Who greet each evening with this twi-light prayer:

Why must I live by the law of the sword?  
Why is my eye grown so bleary?  
Hasten the day of thy coming, O Lord!  
The children of man grow weary.

—Marvin E. Doane.

---

*Kitten Number Nine*  
**Crane for Exec. Judge**

*Nominated by Alf Babcock*

This is a free country and we elect our officers after someone picks them out for us and so does the NAPA. However, this year you don't have a great deal of choice. You can vote for Holman for president or for Holman. (Modesty forbids mentioning your sole vice-presidential candidate but prudence forbids omitting this parenthetical remark.) And so on down to the executive judges, three in number.

Now I am going to be big-hearted and give you several candidates so you will have a choice. It is almost an unwritten law of our association that if a president does a good job, we elect him chairman of the executive judges the following

**CRANE FOR EXECUTIVE JUDGE**

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#81

THE  
KEYSTONE

VOL. 1

FEB.-MARCH 1944 NO. 1

What I Think  
Of The American

By the editor

I've been a member of the American for a very short time, since August, 1937, to be exact. I came into the AAPA after a disgusting year of membership in the United. As soon as I joined the American, I readily saw that compared to the United it was a Paradise.

I saw no corrupt politics, no mud-slinging elections, no despotic administration, and no weak, inactive organization in the American. What I did see was a strong, well governed, active, young organization struggling to build itself up, fairly and squarely, as the greatest organization of its kind in the world.

Hats off to men like Bob Price, Marvin Neel, and George H. Kay for their splendid work in guiding the AAPA successfully through its first year.

## The Artist

A symmetrical line here and there;  
A dark shadow in her hair,  
A dainty line I'd made with care,  
When the lead broke!

—Jack Smith.

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#82

THE UNIVERSITY OF

CHICAGO

RECEIVED

JUN 28 1945

# JUST RAYS

TWELFTH ISSUE ————— SUMMER, 1944

## *Psalm*

The beaded dew is bright  
Upon the spider's net.  
The tranquil sky is light  
With joyous dawn. The fret  
Of little winds is gay  
Across the hills. The psalm  
Of life is full. The day  
Is clear and deeply calm.

—Richard Bruce Dunlop,  
1934 Kenilworth Ave.,  
Berwyn, Ill.

#83

# JUST RAYS

THIRTEENTH ISSUE

AUTUMN, 1944

## JUVENILE ISSUE



This is a turkey.  
They go "gobble gobble."  
And show off.  
We go "gobble gobble."  
And show off.



This is a tree.  
It is a pretty tree.  
Apples grow on trees.  
We like apples.  
They are good to eat.



This is a star.  
It has five points.  
It shines at night.  
We count the stars.  
1, 2, 3, 4, 5, 6, 7, 8, 9, 10.



This is a hand.  
We have four hands.  
We play in the mud.  
Our hands get dirty.  
Mama Mae washes them.

This is an arrow.  It says, "Turn Please."

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H84

THE JUNIOR NATIVE

Vol. 10

A STATEMENT

APR 29 1944

"What is your policy? I am referring to the last issue of the Jr. Native. Not a program in the full sense of the word, mind you, but a voicing of where you stand. This was lacking in your past issues, and it would be a good suggestion to have it in your next issue." This is part of a letter received from a Native who is interested in our labors. We welcome this suggestion, and will say that perhaps we took it upon ourselves to suppose that all our readers knew us and just how we felt toward the status of the Native.

We are opposed to mixing religion in its messianic tendencies, with social doctrine, so as to make political aspirations and economic demands an eschatological affair with promises of full measured salvation being at hand and a millennium around the left hand corner. Many do it and others over do it. There is in our midst what some would have us believe to be a so-called 'scientific' remedy for all the problems of the Native Born of the U. S. A., which is submerged into a modern evangelism. That is why we have so many members of the cloth joining these various orders to be their leaders. Not that we oppose these all too human cravings and longings, but they keep the real issues in the back ground. Where the interests of our only inheritance is involved, meaning Our Country, there is no room for reveries, day dreaming. Our efforts are for one thing and one alone, Our Country; we have no other issues.

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## THE JUNIOR NATIVE

Vol. 10

No. 11

### A STATEMENT

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Vol. 10

No 11

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#87

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Vol. 10

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THE LIBRARY OF  
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SERIALS ACQUISITION

The JUNIOR NATIVE APR. 29 1944

A 100 per cent American Journal

#### DO YOU KNOW THAT

ONE-THIRD of our population is foreign stock?

Our unemployment problem was transferred to America from foreign shores, and if the 16,500,000 foreign born in this country today had been refused admission there would be no serious unemployment problem confronting our Nation today?

There are 3,500,000 aliens unlawfully in this country according to estimates, as many people as we propose to put to work by the expenditure of \$400,000,000 Public Works funds recently appropriated by Congress, and that these aliens can be promptly deported by adequate legislation and vigorous enforcement?

There are from 1,000,000 to 1,500,000 aliens on public relief who should be deported?

There are 6,000,000 aliens deriving their livelihood from jobs which Americans should and would hold if we had the same laws that are in force in other enlightened countries?

If we gave the jobs that are held by aliens to American citizens, the unemployment problem would be largely solved.

The Dies bill and proposal have the following provisions.

1 Permanently stop all new-seed immigration from every country.

2 Deport all aliens unlawfully in the United States,

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JAN 22 1945

THE KHAKI

and

THE BLUE

Volume 1, Number 1  
April, 1944

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#70

Vol. 1

SEPTEMBER 1944

No. 2

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THE UNIVERSITY OF

JUN 28 1946

COPY

The KHAKI and The BLUE



# Jersey



# Gazette

VOLUME 1

NOVEMBER 15, 1944

NUMBER 2

## WESSONS' ELECTED!!

### Despite Clark's Dirty Work

#### ELECTION RESULTS SATISFACTORY

I won't bore you with the election details which, no doubt, you have already seen.

But, I do wish to point out that an organization that is really democratic does not allow itself to be influenced by one member's opinion, no matter how active that member may be.

A few bundles ago we saw examples of negative campaigning which were particularly unsavory because they were done by one who was a candidate for another office.

It's about time some people realized that this type of campaign carries no weight with the average intelligent person.

Ye editor to be composing stick is hand to review the bundle.

#### SEPTEMBER

The Indiana Amateur } no  
The Amateur Press } originality  
here

The Monthly Herald- This should shame some older members who are unable to even match this fine work.

Editor's Wastebasket- Best name to date. See what slip-sheeting can do!

Clark's Bellyrot- Hooray for Higgdon!!!

New Jersey Amateur- Up to

SEE COLUMN THREE

#### "The Accursed House"

Synopsis of preceding installment:

The very wealthy Vicomte de R... lowers his roots and complications set in.

#### Part Two

Three-and-twenty lodgers clustered together and chattered eagerly.

"Do you know, monsieur?"

"It is very extraordinary."

"Simply unheard of!"

"The proprietor's lowered my rent!"

"One-third is it not? Mine also."

Three of them actually wrote to the proprietor to tell him what had passed, and to warn him that his cootierge had wholly lost his mind. The proprietor responded to these skeptics, confirming what Bernard had said. Doubt, therefore, was out of the question.

SEE PAGE 2, COLUMN 3

Lying rides upon debt's heel; it is hard for an empty bag to stand upright.

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

##### ATTENTION SWIFSETTERS

Get your 12 page catalog of used swiftset equipment for 1-3 ct. stamp.

R. Branch  
28 Forest Drive  
Bloomfield, N. J.

Experience keeps a dear school, but a fool will learn in no other.

#### MY DENTIST

My Dentist you say, to any old friend

Is the painless type, and you brag no end

About how he does that and how he does this,

And you didn't feel a thing you always insist.

But when it's time for your little visit

You make excuse and try to skip it,

You hate to go near him and open your mouth

For fear there's some drilling or -teeth to come out.

What is the fear that this little man holds

That shudders the weak and trembles the bold,

He's so frail of body, just mere than five feet

And, generally speaking, his makeup is meek.

It's easy to direct your friends where to go

As long as your safe and out of the show,

I knew I was due for a checkup call

And, as usual, I hated to go at all.

SEE COL. 3, PG. 2

#### ADVERTISEMENTS

Waco double roller, flat-bed, printing press, sold by Johnson Smith & Co. Detroit, Mich. in 1938 for \$6.00.

Ted Payer

13606 Bartlett Ave.

Cleveland-20, Ohio

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#92

APR 29 1944

# KLAHOW-YAH

Seattle, Washington. • • • Volume 10 -- Number 1.

An old publication Kla-How-Yah comes back to find out How-Are-You. The Pacific Northwest includes Washington, Oregon, British Columbia, and Alaska. It is believed that the Indian tribes found here migrated across the Bering seas to North America from the continent of Asia. They are of oriental nature, short and heavy set, dark haired and they have oriental shaped eyes. On the Pacific Coast they spend most of their time in fishing and their principal diet is fish. The City of Seattle was named after Chief Seattle who was a friend of the white faces and saved it from being wiped out by hostile Indian bands.

The scenic surroundings of the Pacific Coast country is beyond description. On the one side the mighty Pacific ocean with its great waves and white caps. Great rivers like the Columbia and the Fraser and countless small

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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
THOMAS REFORM

# KLA-HOW-YAH

1929 29 1944

Pacific Coast.

Vol. 10 - No. 2

## THE END OF A RENEGADE

Big Bear, Chief of the Canemah tribe, was a friend to the whites that settled near the Falls at Oregon City. He welcomed their friendship and was always ready to help them in pointing out trails and hunting grounds. Bad Indians and crooked white men were hated by the Chief of the Canemahs, and it was his cooperation with the white men that won him the dislike of desperados and war-like Indians, especially Crooked Finger, renegade Indian of the Molallas.

Crooked Finger had raided and massacred both whites and members of the Canemah tribe. He was an elusive fox, always escaping into the hills and outsmarting every posse or individual tracker. The climax came when one night Crooked Finger raided the Canemahs and stole Big Bear's favorite horse.

Big Bear set out on the trail of the renegade,

# The Kitchen Stove

To be fired up  
whenever we get enough wood to do it  
Want to chip in?

---

FIRST HEATING

JUNE 1944

---

It is common knowledge that when a chicken sticks out its neck, it loses its head, is plucked and singed into the bargain, and ends up out of the fire into the frying pan. While no one has ever told us that the same things happen to an amateur journalist when he sticks out his neck by issuing a paper, we have felt they might. Nevertheless, after devouring all your papers in the last few "Bundles," we have decided to set up "The Kitchen Stove" and cook up something ourselves. We only hope it's edible.

What comes of our cooking depends strictly on whether we're in a philosophical or phrivolous mood at the moment. At any rate, we decided to heat up two stove-lids this time. If you don't like what comes off of one, maybe you will the other. If you don't care for either, we own a garbage pail, too.

*Louise Lincoln, Chef*

544 Berkeley Rd.

Columbus 5, Ohio



# The Kitchen Stove

To be fired up  
three times a year if we get  
around to carrying in the wood.

---

SECOND HEATING

OCTOBER 1944

---

There are times when I have a feeling of kinship with the Pilgrims, or the Amish, or whoever started it. I too, enjoy bundling.

It was fun to bundle up some manuscript for the printer; to bundle the finished product off to the mailing editor; to open an ajay bundle and find myself in it. It was even more fun to receive the cards which were bundled into the mail with my name on them. Thank you, all of you, for everyone of them. Yes, sir, bundling is a great institution. You must try it sometime.

Of course I couldn't resist trying it again myself. So I've put another coat of polish on "The Kitchen Stove," and a couple of sauce-pans. Stick around, and we'll take pot-luck together.

*Louise Lincoln, Chef*

544 Berkeley Rd.

Columbus 5, Ohio

## KITTEN

Number 5

## An ABC of Typesetting

This was written for the host of N.A.P.A. members who don't know a pica from a quad. Yet there's no use in telling the printers not to read it for they will, to see where I am wrong. Okay, I'll admit I've had no technical training—I never attended a printing school. So all my hints are not according to Hoyle (or Goudy) but merely according to Alfred Babcock. But my account may be easier for an uninitiate to grasp as I won't put as many brasses between upright caps as masters of the art of printing would feel absolutely obliged to do.

Years ago all type was set by hand. Now we have machines that do it with almost incredible speed. Yet printing is one field where old ways can still yield excellent results. And the hoary method of handsetting has the advantage of very small investment. I know *Stir* quoted figures, but they were for new and complete equipment. I'm sure you can have the fun of doing most of the work on a paper for relatively little.

PR 29 1944

**KITTEN** Number 5

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## *Kitten No. Six.*

---

### Kitty Kat Press Semi-Pro; Printing Papers for Others

Despite the inroads that the War has made in the ranks of the NAPA printers, printing hasn't died out completely. Some non-printers are having papers printed. How do I know? Simple! I am printing them. That will mean less frequent KATs and KITTENS but don't moan too much for it had to be. My wife thinks that I've spent too much time and money on the NAPA in the past year, and I can hardly argue that she is wholly wrong, as I've printed 170 pages of ajay papers since the 1942 Convention.

Consider— isn't it better to have one paper from each of three publishers than three from the same one? More viewpoints will be expressed, more interest aroused, and more members may be inspired to try publishing.

Also I'm now printing stationery—that stuff you write letters on. Available styles are shown on the next page. A postal will bring details: the fact that I've had orders for 46 boxes of it, to date, intimates the price is not unreasonable.

## *Kitten No. Six.*

### Kitty Kat Press Semi-Pro; Printing Papers for Others

THE LIBRARY OF  
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# THE KITTEN

No. 15

March 1944

## Advocating Worthy Amendments

A year ago a new constitution was drawn up and proposed. It had improvements over our old one. In July 62 proxy voters adopted it. A committee at Columbus—seven bright ajay leaders—put their heads together and thought up some more improvements. We now want to adopt those good changes.

Through a little bad luck most of us didn't learn the exact wording of the Columbus committee's suggestions till about January 8th and by then one could not do much consulting by mail and come to an agreement on wording in time for the February 1st deadline of the March 15th N A. Only way open was for everyone interested to send in their amendments. Through the generosity of Edward H. Cole and Burton Crane our constitution is set in linotype but the Columbus suggestions shot Articles I and II full of holes so I figured I might as well try to rewrite it and make it briefer if I could.

I did not change anything purely for the sake of change. I eliminated all mention of Limited and Associate members but retained their same rights and same \$1.00 rate of dues. I followed the intent

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# THE KITTEN

No. 16

April 1944

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## Amateur Papers

Some may call this an essay on a subject of vital interest to all amateur journalists. Others may term it a hoax—or worse. So be warned—don't read this unless prepared to be surprised or disappointed. Frankly, I am going to try to knock off two or more birds with one stone. (That reminds me that our black ex-kitten, now a seven pound cat, has learned to catch sparrows. My wife deplores it but cats will be—cats.)

The main point about an amateur journal is the paper it is printed on. (Or mimeographed on.) The size of page, width of lines, and size of type are all dependent on the paper you start out with. Formerly paper was cheap and abundant. Now all that is changed. Paper is scarcer, and a lot of kinds and grades have been banned by the government for the

## Ye KITTEN

Number 17

Cranford, N. J.

May 1944

## Introducing Some New Amateur Journalists

Our devoted Official Editor may be a bit put out by this *Kitten's* content, as she asked for write-ups of new members for the March '44 *National Amateur*. Then she scooped most of my best copy with her page on new members in the December *National Amateur*. New members are shy and it is very hard to worm much out of the majority of them. They don't know me and I don't know them unless they are old ajays from another of the associations. So feeling it not worth while to merely rehash what she had writ in the Dec. *NA* I had to decline writing such an article.

And as soon as her deadline for copy is past, of course then I get some data on some brand new members. That is always the way. It takes about six weeks to print the *NA* and I could print a four-page *Kitten* like this over a weekend. So instead of waiting for the June *NA*, and probably being scooped by some other publisher, I am printing it.

Sorry, Willametta! I'd rather you had this!



# The Kitten

---

Number 18

Cranford, N. J.

June 1944

---

## Collector Bug Bites Alf *But Mild Attack--He'll Recover*

[ Special to THE KITTEN. Knows all but doesn't tell it. ]

A sad disaster befell us recently. After 13 years of exposure to amateur journalism and after he'd inflicted 63 amateur journals upon long suffering amateur readers Alfred Babcock suddenly lost his immunity and was bitten and infected by the demon *Iwannacopee* bug. While there is no absolute cure for this dread disease two doctors promise to exercise constant supervision and think they can keep it under control. Interviewed by *The Kitten's* star reporter, the victim stated:

"I want only a few issues to complete files that I have nearly complete and wish to bind. I'm taking up bookbinding and I shall save papers primarily to eventually bind them. I shall not dig deep into the past unless someone unasked donates a nearly complete file of copies."

*The Kitten*

---

*No. 19**Cranford, N. J.**1944*

---

**Dear Amateur:**

Do not read this until you are in an agreeable mood, after a good meal—or at least as tasty a meal as is possible in these days of points and rationing—for I'm going to ask a favor of you.

"Who am I?" you ask. Alfred Penn Babcock, currently vice-president of the NAPA, and the brother of Lt. Ralph Babcock who was president of the NAPA. As my vice-presidential duties include acquainting new members with facts about Amateur Journalism, I printed a fifteen-page Who's Who covering most NAPA officers of the past decade. I next started an Index of amateur journals and their publishers. When the total reached 1400 I decided to concentrate on some of the better ones, study them, gather data.

I am not a newcomer to amateur journalism; I am 38 and have been acquainted with it for 14 years, part of that time only as a bystander, the brother of an active NAPA leader. Last year I printed about 200 pages of various amateur journals (and won the Editorial Laureate) and now my all-time total is over 475 pages printed for myself or others. Until recently I merely read papers received and passed them on. Now I am starting a small but select collection.

# Jersey Journal-Letter

Edited and published by Mary E. Conroy  
18 A Glenwood Avenue  
Jersey City, N.J...

Easter Issue.....Number two

## THE EASTER STORY

APR 29 1944

It was night.....

The last red gleam of twilight had faded into dusk -- and then to dark.

Down every Judean road the thick, black blanket hung like a burial robe, for love was in eclipse that night and Christ was dead!

..An empty cross on a bleak hillside told the story in a fashion more hideously eloquent than words. Here it was that the One Who had claimed to be the Son of God had hung while the Roman nails sapped His life.

He was dead. Hope was dead.

...And it was night....

"But there is no night so dark that some eye cannot catch the glimmer of a star, or some ear hear the rustle of an angel's wing."

So daylight came, and with the daylight -- wending their weary way up the hillside to the tomb where their inmost hopes lay shattered -- came the women. Perhaps they talked as they walked.

#106



\*\*\*\*\*  
Volume one.....  
\*\*\*\*\*

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION

GREETINGS !

APR 29 1946

...From an office with a post-card view of the Empire State building lined against its front window, comes the first issue of the Jersey Journal-zette. The sun is playing tricks this afternoon--you can see the heat rising in shimmery waves of steam from the roofs across the way. There isn't even a breeze...but wait till I get that mimeograph machine going!

...Over in Jersey, my lunch has been ready for the past half-hour, but I've promised myself to get out this issue of the Journazette.....or else!!

then the effort will have been worthwhile. If you like it, If you don't like it, let me know, and I'll see what I can do about it.

\*\*\*\*\*

By Wallace Winchell

\*\*\*\*\*

J U L Y

Ring out, old bells, your mellow chorus  
Above the moving flags that fill the street,  
Above the rattling drums and marching feet..  
Ring forth! Bravely you freed the nation for us.

# THE JUNTO

With Apologies to B. Franklin

THE LIBRARY OF  
THE JUNTO PRESS  
JUN 28 1945

VOL. 2

AUGUST 1944

COPY

No. 8

## ♦ LITTLE RED HEN ♦

BY ARLINE SHAW

**L**ITTLE Red Hen used to go pickety, pickety, picking up sticks, doing eyelet embroidery on gunny sacks and outwitting any wolf that crossed her way. She failed, however, to keep abreast of modern situations in chemical warfare, carton containers and rapid transportation.

The Executive Committee of National Egg Products association has organized groups including Federal and State agencies throughout the land for study of the Little Red Hen's daily humble product and its distribution.

She used to think her individual packaging quite unique but

alas it is now discarded.

The researchers have regimented her product and given it a new uniform of different size and shape.

They have found ways to condense it, dry it, and still keep it whole; keep it cool in summer and prevent hardening when it's cold.

The Little Red Hen is glad to have a part in giving a great industry its initial start and providing men in uniform a breakfast that doesn't make them want to desert (or maybe it does.)

She hopes the researchers don't get so aggressive, they forget to feed her.

## THE STORY OF THE SWASTIKA

BY YE EDITOR

**F**OR A Little more than a decade now, the World at large has had its attention increasingly drawn to that mystic symbol—the Swastika.

In modern times, as an ornament of jewelry, it is designated as the Good Luck Emblem. From here, on back through recorded history, the significance of the Swastika becomes more and more

a matter of conjecture to modern science.

As used by the American aborigines, the Indians, it has been thought to designate the four cardinal points of the compass, and symbolical of the ruler of the winds and the rains. As used by the natives, the arms of the cross were bent to the west; i. e. counter clock-wise.

[To page 2

PRINTING

PUBLISHING

JUN 27 1945  
WRITING**THE JUNIOR PRESS***A National Journal For Beginners, Amateurs and Others*

Printing, publishing and writing, are the most interesting, fascinating, and the most educational, of all hobbies.

VOL. 2

CHRISMAN, ILL., JAN. - APRIL, 1944

Nos. 1-2

**MAIL CALL!**

BY PVT. H. M. MERRIMAN, JR.

NOTE—The following article, by a soldier, was received through the A. A. P. A. bureau with an appeal for its publication, and with a feeling that we never can do enough for the young men so valiantly fighting at the fronts, we are giving it the best and major space.—Editor.

**M**AIL CALL! The words echo and re-echo through the barracks, the wards, the corridors and are cast to the four winds, where they echo in the areas for the benefit of anyone there. They are carried from one end of the hospital to the other and rout the officers from their quarters.

They are sweet music to G. I. ears—the sweetest of any in the service for they give us a lift that no others ever do. They make us drop everything we are doing and send us scurrying for the sorting center. They put a thump into our hearts that is foreign to anything it has ever known; they transform us from scowling, sulking and disconsolate beings, into cheerful, happy and smiling fellows and they give us shots in the legs that make us wonder at our fleetness of speed. They make us forget, for a time, the drab existence of our lives and



give us the hope that some one is thinking of us. Aye, indeed, they are sweet words which we look forward to, twice each week. They are melodious words for in [To p. 8

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PRINTING

PUBLISHING

**THE JUNIOR PRESS**

*A Literary Journal For Beginners, Amateurs and Others*

The Most Interesting and Educational Hobby

VOL. 2

CHRISMAN, ILL., JULY 1944

No. 3

♦ **QUESTIONING** ♦

F. F. MCNAMEE

WOULD our little journals today,  
Viewed 'way beyond the yesterday,  
Turn many sainted temples gray?

Would the formats of 'em make  
The old printers' hearts break?  
In their esoteric abodes shake?

Would the poems prove enough  
To make the old poets fuss?  
Fairly make 'em want t' cuss?

Would the saintly authors of old,  
Want t' rant, want t' scold,  
At the stuff we print so bold?

Would Gutenberg want t' fight?  
Hall, Briggs, Wylie and Wright  
Fault us for heritages we slight?

For the way we write and blink—  
For the way we smear the ink—  
What'd you think, they'd think?



X-PN 4627

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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

PRINTING

PUBLISHING

JUN 20 1944

# THE JUNIOR PRESS

A Literary Journal For Beginners, Amateurs and Others



The Most Interesting and Educational Hobby

VOL. 2.

CHRISMAN, ILL., OCT. 1944

No. 4.

## KEEP THOSE FILMS A ROLLIN'!

BY HARRY M. MERRIMAN, JR.

"THIS new motion picture, donated without cost to the War Department, is being shown free to the Overseas Forces with the compliments of the American Motion Picture Industry."


The twenty-eight little words which preface many of the pictures we see are responsible for many of the chuckles, smiles and laughs that light our faces. Few can realize how much they mean! Many on the home front cannot and do not realize how much the little things of life mean to us. We have not the choice of one or two houses with a variety of shows, nor can we say, "Let's go to the movies," put on our hats and coats and lock up our duties for the night. We have to take what there is, and many of us are on call and may be on duty before the show is over. We have to see them when these permit, for we cannot say, "Oh, I'll do that tomorrow." Two hours snatched for entertainment may have to be made up at some inconvenient time. Those hours of smiles and chuckles we receive from an amusing scene or joke may have to be made up, huddled over a desk in the few hours of morning.

Films of all kinds



are enjoyed—musicals, westerns, cartoons, comics, burlesque, news, sports, and short shorts. The entire galaxy of stars, directors and producers come [To page 12]

# Kentucky Colonel

Volume 1  Bellevue, Ky., February 1944 Number 1

## *In A Nutshell...*

The Kentucky Colonel is published for the AAPA and NAPA.

Although this is my first issue, I am not a newcomer, being editor of The Bellevue Echo of which I distributed some copies through the association.

It took all the horsepower I had to publish the Bellevue Echo which is a community paper and was never intended to be a paper for the Association. In fact, I have never heard of any Amateur Press Associations when first I published The Bellevue Echo, untill the late E. Hadley Smith asked me to join the N.A.P.A. Mr. Smith said it would be alright for me to send only 50 copies, he realized my situation. Here I met some real friends who wanted to help me with kindly advice, for which I'm grateful.

The Bellevue Echo was criticized by the N.A.P.A. for being too full of quips and advertisements and not being serious enough. It was also said that it was'nt worth the postage to send to them, but that it did contribute something in the way of salvage for the scrap pile, which I feel are unjust charges.

In defense, let me explain that the Bellevue Echo was published solely for the servicemen and this community to bring laughs and news. I have letters from the boys which I cherish

because some of the boys who wrote them are now among the Gold Stars.

In times like these it is better not to print only on the serious side I discovered. Some of my editorials were serious and had stories behind them, but I like best to be cheerful. It is much harder to try to be funny than to be serious.

As I understand it, the only requirements of an amateur paper are to show your ability to print or write, whereas we could have a purpose behind our hobby. Our hobby gives us the tools and our Associations give us plenty of territory. We have the horse but not a Paul Revere.

P. S. The Kentucky Colonel must get a horse in somewhere; he still has his mint juleps.

## *Yours For The Asking*

A copy of the latest issue of The Bellevue Echo, which was the Xmas issue, will be sent to anyone asking for it by dropping me a postcard.

It contains 18 pages and was not circulated through the bundle, it being a community paper (as you probably know) and which I print in my spare time.

DRILL SERGEANT TO SOLDIER;  
"WIPE THAT OPINION OFF YOUR FACE!"

Amateur  
Journalism  
For  
Ever

# Jeep's Creeps

#113

A.A.A.

THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
AN  
ORIGINAL ACQUISITION  
UNIVERSITY MICROFILMS  
SERIALS  
JUN 2

A.A.P.A.

October 1944

No. 1

## Greetings

Well, here I am, entering the October Bundle with my first A.A.P.A. paper. This is not my first attempt at printing an amateur paper. For a while I printed a scout and church paper until I had to give it up for lack of time.

JEOP'S CREEPS is my own brainchild so send along the likes and dislikes of it. I can use them all. If you do like it be watching for it every other month. See around the world for information on my other new paper called "TNT". Don't ask me where I dream up the names for my papers.

YE - - - EDITOR

Ye Ed. is 18 years old and is a sophomore in Hutchinson Senior High School. For a career I want to be a journalist and writer. Amateur Journalism has been my hobby for about 5 years.

## The Critic

(August Bundle)

I Salute:

Welcome Mat for a swell new ideal and a mighty good job of mimeographing.

The Hobo and The Windjammer both small but very interesting and well printed.

Army Scrap Book good printing and very interesting.

The Hobo a good job of swift setting.

## W O T E

ritings of the Editor  
First This is the first issue of JEOP'S Issue CREEPS. I hope you don't think it is too bad of a job. Next month I plan to issue the first copy of "TNT". From then on I will take turns, printing Jeep's Creeps one month and "TNT" the next month. I hope you will enjoy them both.

Fighting News been in the A.A.P.A. for some only six months but I have all members ready saw enough squabbling between members to last me the rest of my membership and some to spare. Let's shorten our editorials and opinions and fill our papers with stories, poems, and other articles of interest which we all really enjoy reading. That about members!

Lets make all are papers as interesting as Paxton's Americana and McNamee's The Junior Press.

JEOP'S CREEPS

Edited and printed purely for enjoyment  
by Carl Laverne Gardner, Hutchinson, Kansas.

## NOTICE!

I need material to print in my papers. The more material I have the larger the papers. How about it? Credit will be given for all material used. All material used will be returned free. I want mostly stories, can not use many poems unless they are extra good.

## Around The World

Local-National-The A.A.P.A.

You will never understand the real joy of Amateur Journalism until you print your own amateur paper - - - - -

Did you see Ed Tall's story in the September Newspaperman - - - - -

The written word will for ever live. So come on you A.A.P.A.ers PUBLISH that amateur paper now. - - - - -

People seldom improve when they have no model but themselves to copy. A good proverb to remember when you are printing your paper. - - - - -

God divided man into men that they might help each other. Few about it you old timers while not help out the new publishers to improve their papers. - - - - -

Here's one Hitler should had read. Your speech you may repeat but never your silence. - - - - -

The War News

One down, two to go; one zone, one on the run, one standing still. - - - - -

Wonder what kind of character Dick Tracy will have to fight next. - - - - -

## RR Enjoyment ONLY

FROM ONE TO ANOTHER

Alone, he stood silently,

Among the graves  
Of his dead comrades.

In prayer he melted

Beside them all,

His words were clear and simple,

To brave comrades

This far we came together,  
Only to part in greatest sorrow.

You to your lone

And peaceful rest,

The others back to their guns,

To carry on

That ye comrades will  
Not have died in vain.

The End

# The Jersey City Amateur

(First Issue February, 1901)

MAY 8 1944

Vol. 1. (New Series)

JERSEY CITY, N. J., MAY, 1944

No. 1

## UAPAians! Vote Biennial Conventions

A great majority of United members have never had the opportunity of attending a convention, either for financial or other reasons. Thus, they have never had the chance nor thrill of meeting and "getting together" with other a-jayers and "talking shop" and exchanging ideas.

To overcome this difficulty, we could (?) make a slight revision in our convention plans, BUT CONTINUE having them ANNUALLY. The revised plan would be something like this—on the EVEN YEARS, we could hold conventions in the various sections of the country—SECTIONAL CONVENTIONS—and they could be held in the most strategic centers. This plan would give MORE amateurs than ever before the opportunity of attending a convention and meeting a-jayers etc. On the ODD YEARS we would hold our REGULAR conventions as in the past.

Further, these SECTIONAL conventions could be ONE day affairs, with FULL programs, with the exception that there would not be an election; that would be taken care of by MAIL as provided in our laws. The chairmen could be appointed by the president from a list of volunteers and they in turn could appoint secretaries who would make a complete detailed report of the convention to the United secretary, who in turn would consolidate it with all the others and forward to printer for the official organ in September.

This idea was supported by many outstanding UAPA leaders in 1940, in-

### THE JERSEY CITY AMATEUR PRESS CLUB

On September 6, 1899, the original J.C.A.P.C. was organized with the following officers: President, James M. Reilly Jr.; Vice President, Daniel J. Courain; Secretary, Eugene J. Reilly; Treasurer, James C. Bresnahan; Official Editor, James A. Clerkin, and Literary Director, Edwin Hadley Smith.

Thus began one of the most active centers of amateur journalism. Although the hobby has been rather dormant during intervals in the past, activity is and has been well established since the HCAPC organized in May 1937.

Had the founders of the HCAPC known sooner of the previous existence of organized amateur press activity, there would probably be no Hudson Club in name, but would rather have reorganized the old Jersey (Cont'd on Page 3)

cluding Clyde F. Noel and Willard T. Northrop, yet it was defeated by only 16 convention votes in Spokane marshalled by Roy Erford. In other words, the amendment lacked 16 votes of the required constitutional two-thirds. Here was a case where a minority (17), at the convention nullified the will of the great majority (102) of United members from coast to coast.

The final count stood as follows:

|         | Mail | Conv. | Total |
|---------|------|-------|-------|
| For     | 101  | 1     | 102   |
| Against | 58   | 17    | 75    |

P4827

THE JOKERS' JOURNALIST #115  
Vol. 1 MARCH, 1945 THE LIBRARY No. 2  
First Issue SERIAL RECORD

Yes, ajayers, this is the first issue of the JOKERS' JOURNALIST. I had planned to have it printed regularly but the printers' press broke down in the middle of. So all I can offer is this, but I hope you will like it.

\*\*\*\*\*

Well, your editor is a new member of the National and American Amateur Press associations and he is very proud of it. Here's to the future! Neal Peirce

\*\*\*\*\*

#116

THE JOKERS' JOURNALIST

X-PN 4827

Vol. 1 MARCH, 1945

No. 2

First Issue

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*Bentley* X-PN 4827 117  
THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIALS ACQUISITION  
JUL 15 1945

# JUST RAYS

FOURTEENTH ISSUE

AUTUMN, 1945

## Twilight in Town

Street lamps begin to glow,  
Windows their bright squares show --

Twilight in town.

Workers, a homeward band;  
Pleasures of evening planned,  
Sweethearts stroll hand in hand --

Twilight, in town.

Child voices, clear and sweet,  
Clatter of running feet

Soon dying down;  
Peace settles on the street,

Twilight . . . in town.

— NORA NEVADA WHITE

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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

JUN 28 1945



# JOTTINGS

Roland E. Haase, Editor  
5 Glymont Rd., Indian Head, Maryland

Jottings was first published quite a few years ago. It was then a mimeographed offering. This printed effort is the result of the announcement in the December issue of "The United Progress." After the first issue of "Jottings" there was about one postal card of comment upon its appearance. Something tells us that there may be just a little more comment - and maybe a few fire-works as a result of this present issue.

This editor has lately sent eight volumes, which is to say, "eight years of issues" of the UNITED AMATEUR to a book-bindery to be bound into a book. It was returned as a fine looking book and now rests upon a shelf where it can easily be found for reference and research (if that should ever be desirable or necessary.) We hope to have some of the other amateur publications bound into book form - when and if the time, inclination and finances allow. The editor recommends The Heckman Bindery located in North Manchester, Indiana. They do good work there and their prices are reasonable.



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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS  
SERIAL RECORD

#117

THE

JOLLY 'ROGER'

JUN 28 1945

No. 1

January

1945

The Blight Of Advertising

Just as billboards have bedecked our countryside in a most inglorious way likewise the free and competitive hobby of amateur journalism is being smeared with mercenary "aids" to those suffering from constipation, acid stomach and even the rigors of rheumatism more applicable I would say to members of our venerable rival, UAPA.

Certainly let's have freedom of the press, no one is stopping our pseudoscientists from quacking in public but let's investigate the Constitution of AAPA and try to make it live up to its name American AMATEUR Press Association.

## THE KITTEN

Number 21

March 1945

### Do YOU Want a Part In a Co-op Paper?

You can have a part in a deluxe, 24-page, 5 by 7 printed paper to be issued by June 1, 1945—if you hurry and IF a few more co-operators decide to take advantage of this chance to co-operate with the publisher, Alf Babcock, 121 Burnside Ave., Cranford, N. J.

### How Come--- Why A Co-operative Paper?

From time to time there have been co-op papers or talk about them. Two years ago, when I was the Ms. Recorder I decided the USA needed two things: a successor to FDR, and a NAPA co-op paper in which any member could be sure his or her literary efforts would be published within a reasonable time by paying for it. The Ms. Bureau can only function if it has patrons. At times people want to publish, so seek Bureau material. But many hesitate to send fine material to the Bureau for it is too uncertain. Good poets don't want their gems massacred in some perspiring youth's first effort or in a *Mocking Bird*. If you are seeking laureates, you want to be sure your work will be published this year. If you want to vote in July you can't send the Bureau a voting credential in April and be sure it will be published by June.

I honestly believe the N.A.P.A. needs a good co-op paper in which *you will be proud to have your efforts appear* just as you wrote them, not edited by an amateur editor. Editors do cut and change copy. I know. I have. It is an Editor's privilege.

X-PN 4827

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THE LIBRARY OF  
CONGRESS

## THE JUNTO

With Apologies to B. Franklin

RECORD  
JUN 28 1945

Vol. 3

APRIL - 1945

COPY

COPY No. 1

## THE UNITED STATES, A REPUBLIC

A LITTLE STUDY OF THE CONSTITUTION

(Reprinted by request, from The JUNTO, May, '43.—Ed.)

Everywhere, and everyday, we hear this word "democracy." It is on everyone's tongue, comes over the radio, appears on the pages of the press, the daily papers, magazines and pamphlets. But what does it mean? H. G. Wells speaks of the "endless misuse of the word." We are told that the United States is a democracy; that England is a democracy; that Russia is a demo—; well, not quite; many faces turned exceedingly red on that summer day in August, 1939, when Stalin signed on the dotted line with Hitler. But even today, without using the word itself, many try to promote the idea that Russia is a democracy.

But what is the definition of the word "democracy?"

The United States is not a democracy, but a republic; England is not a democracy, but a kingdom, and rules an empire. Her troops are never spoken of as democracy's troops, but always as "Empire troops." Russia is not a democracy, but a dictatorship. Former Ambassador Davies in his recent book, *Mission to Moscow*, tells us flatly that "Russia is a totalitarian state."

What then, is the meaning (not definition) of this word "democracy?" Ask anyone you meet, and almost invariably you will get a different meaning from each one; and not infrequently, a different answer from the same person at

different times. A striking instance of this latter condition occurs in an article in a recent publication, in which the writer declares, "pure democracy is a rule of conduct for social intercourse;" a little farther along he asserts that democracy is "a government." Now "a rule of conduct," and "government," are not the same thing in their true senses. Therefore, the same word should not be used to describe them, else confusion in thinking results—as the article itself proves. So, also, a "republic," "a kingdom," and a "totalitarian state," are not the same thing—they are not "equal to each other," therefore, the same word should not be used to describe them. When, in careless use, the word "democracy" is used to describe, or name, each of these different forms of government, it is given a different usage, —or as we say, meaning, in each case. These different usages are not necessarily the definition of the word. Democracy has a definition all its own, that abides, whatever meaning the user may give it:

"All definitions are meanings (more properly, usages), but not all meanings are definitions." —Anon.

"Definitions, \* \* \* must be formed upon the principle which is axiomatic in language, that a word can

(Continued on Page 3)

# The Junior Journalist

The Teen-Agers Official Organ

Volume I

Philadelphia, Pa., October, 1945

Number 1

## Question Department

Starting with this issue the *Junior Journalist* will carry a department where teeners can send in their questions on any part of the NAPA?, and where some of the older members can answer them. If any teener has a question he should be sure to send it to the editor right away. Please make the question very general, so that it will require a long answer and some real thought. We will take the best questions and print them here. A few suggested subjects you might write questions about are: Printing, writing, getting out a paper, and the details involved in the same.

To start the ball rolling, we have chosen a question that we think most any teener might ask, "How could I print my own paper?"

This question was very well answered in the September 1944 *National Amateur*, but since it is so long that we could not print it all here we have asked teen-ager Guy Miller, former Mailing Manager and present Recruiting Director to write us a condensation of that article, and it is with pleasure that we present it

to you here:

### Print Your Own Paper.

Condensed from the article on printing in the September, 1944, issue of *The National Amateur*.

Amateur Journalism burst upon a war-weary nation as a national hobby in the 60's of the last century, when Boy met Press. The press remains its fundamental instrument. With the initial investment made, the costs of amateur publishing are small, if you have the press. And even the initial investment is smaller than you suspect.

(Continued on Page 6)

### Unclaimed Awards To Make Teen-Age Official Journal Possible

The National Amateur Press Association was, as everyone knows, established by teen-age boys, but somehow when the teen-agers today try to take the bit in their teeth the Elder Statesmen become alarmed and think we are going to ruin the association. Frankly, you can't blame them, because we haven't had the chance really to prove what we can do. In the *Junior*

(Continued on Page 7)

# KINK..

#123

an amateur publication by  
Walter O. Strombach and Co-editor Doris Schwanke only for the  
*American Amateur Press Association*



## SPECIAL FURLOUGH EDITION



Vol. 3

January, 1945

No. 1

### Editor Ajays Thru Army Post Paper As New Director



Although the editor was on overseas duty the entire time of a 2 year period, the hobby of ajay I never quite lost during service. This came about when I became unit reporter followed by being made assistant editor and recently Editor of "The Clarion"

Never have I enjoyed doing anything so much as working on every new issue of this real G I paper and bi-lingual to boot.

### Overseas Bundles To All G I Ajays Is Booster Of Morale



Too many of the members are unaware of the value given by ajays now in service to the monthly bundles of the A.A.P.A. A bundle at mail call reassures that ajay has not forgotten.

Most impressing to me was the generally higher quality of content, lay-out, and printing in most all the papers included.

The number of papers put out by the members now in the Armed Forces is deserving of interest by all.

### Who Won The Last A.A.P.A. Election?

Please, won't somebody try and help me to find out WHO won the recent election. The bundle failed to come and then I



was I told there was no record I had ever been a member at all.

## Buy



## Bonds!

GIFT

HE'S MY BUDDY.

5

Number One Junior Edition of Kinkie's Army Scrap Book Was Produced By:  
Pvt. Clint Folin, 1621 SU - Station Hospital, Fort Custer, Michigan  
MEMBER OF AMERICAN AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION

X-5 4821

4125

# Just For The Ride

*October, 1946**VOL. III, No. 3*

## ‡ *GENERALLY SPEAKING*

‡ The 51st annual convention of the United Amateur Press Association and its Alumni was held at the Hotel Empire in New York City during the past Labor Day weekend. The sessions were attended by about 65 people, including your editor.

If for no other reason this convention will go down in history as one of the most cooperative in years. The AAPA held a meeting of its own in one of the parlors. The Alumni had its regular session. And at the banquet many National members showed up, including its new president, Bill Haywood. It was a fine example, particularly in these times, of how different groups can get along with each other.

After the banquet, a bunch of us went out on Times Square to record a few messages on wax for Burton Crane and Sheldon Wesson out in Tokyo. We

W4527

#126

## Just For The Ride

October, 1946

VOL. III, No. 3

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X-PN 4827

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**JUNIOR**

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*An Amateur Publication*

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*Volume 1 March, 1946 Number 2*

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X-PN 4827

## JUST FOR THE RIDE

VOL. III NO. 1

MARCH, 1946

### SIDE TRIPS

*By Meyer Perigut*

My sincerest thanks to the many kind editors and publishers who sent copies of their journals to my home during the years of my military service. They are much too numerous to mention individually, but I assure them that I'll write personal thanks on all future journals received.

Edmund Wilson has written in the Book Section of the New Yorker of Nov. 24, 1945, a very interesting, though not too complimentary article on H. P. Lovecraft. Do I hear a rebuttal by an amateur journalist well acquainted with H.P.L.'s writings, or H.P.L. himself?

It is rumored that Mosley, the British fascist recently released from prison, is preparing to issue a newspaper. It will probably be called "HATE."

Time Does Not Creep Department. Five years ago if you said Adak to someone, he'd probably ask, "Have you tried bicarbonate?" But now the National

## THE KITTEN

Number 22

Cranford, N. J.

October 1946

This paper has been hanging around a long time so I guess I will have to take this way to get rid of it. Our dear pal Burton Crane may hang his head in shame on seeing the depths of degregation to which his old illustrious Cloister has fallen — a mere 2-page rag — alas! But that is not entirely right. Most of this type never was his. Three-quarters of it is brand new sorts, which won't mean a thing to most readers. So be it!

One of the greatest charms of amateur journalism is the surprise angle, being delighted at good papers that suddenly turn up quite unexpectedly, ones such as *Strictly Personal*, *O-Wash-Ta-Nong*, *Hobby Shopper* 2, *Pot Luck*, *Gig 6*, *Harler's Ferry* 4. All were better than just good. Four of them we did not expect and the last two named we did not expect would be as good as they were. Isn't that right? Of course I had rather a slight headstart in seeing that *Harler's Ferry*, and if it had not been good I would have told Ed so before it was printed. Ain't that the truth, Ed?

The NAPA is confronted with a crazy proposal that needs immediate condemnation in no uncertain

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## THE KITTEN

Number 23

Cranford, N. J.

October 1946

### W U X T R Y

Read All About The Big MURDER!!!

## WHO DONE IT ?

????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????????

Who Knifed Pablo? And Why?

READ all about it in "Love's Lingo" which is not on sale at all newsstands. Where can you get it? Ah!

Does Your Wife, Mother, or Daughter make you hide your amateur journals in the cellar or attic or closet? Then learn to bind them so that *she* will give them a place of honor and point to them with pride. Study the brand new booklet, "How To Bind Amateur Papers Easily And Cheaply." This is the

### Chance Of A Lifetime.

For a short time only a sturdy bound volume of sixty or more 5 x 7 pages, filled with two gripping stories of fiction, the longest ever published in the N.A.P.A. in

### More Bound Volumes Offered

Five bound volumes of *Tryout* [at least 200 pages to a volume] have been eagerly purchased by amateurs—at the nominal sum of 50 cents per volume charged for the binding. Three more volumes are available, 1939-1943.

### Bound L.N.s Now Offered

Three bound volumes of *Literary Newsette* [published by Burton Jay Smith and Willametta Turnepseed] are up for auction. Vol. One contains Nos. 1 to 50, of 92 pages. Vol. Two contains Nos. 51 to 100, of 177 pages. Vol. Three contains Nos. 101 to 200, of 200 pages.

A bid for the 3 volumes might receive preference, as complete files of the first 200 issues are reputedly not common.

## CRANE

Burton Crane is in Japan as correspondent for the *N. Y. Times*. What is bid for a unique collection of 96 By-Line articles written by Crane between November '45 and Nov. '46. This is believed complete for the period. Clippings are pasted neatly into a manufactured blank book. The bidding starts at \$2.00. It would have cost over \$4.00 to buy the papers these articles appeared in.

## THE KITTEN

Number 26

Cranford, N. J.

December 1946

### Where Is Kitten 25?

This is no. 26. No. 25 [with its 8 pages 5 x 7] has been printed solely for New Members who contemplate publishing a paper and do not have the facilities for printing it themselves. If you are a new member in that category, write for a copy. There are some other printed helps available to New Members. These have been sent when it was possible to discover who these New Members were; the official editor's secrecy about them hasn't helped. Write me, the vice-president,

*Alfred Penn Babcock*

*121 Burnside Avenue, Cranford, N. J.*

if you have not already heard from me. It is my duty and privilege to help you if I can discover you exist.

### The NAPA Has A Dictator

This is not good news! A notorious member has recently appointed herself Dictator of the N. A. P. A., which makes President Haywood entirely superfluous.

X-PN 4827

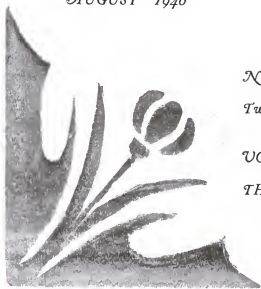


#133

# JUST FOR THE RIDE

*an amateur publication*

*AUGUST 1946*



*Number*

*Two*

*VOLUME*

*THREE*

Woodcut by Mrs. Elizabeth Bolander



★ DUERR'S CAT ★ #134

## JANET

Being the 55th issue of STRICTLY PERSONAL  
and dated November, 1946

X-PN 4827

### "UNANIMOUS"

*Raucous jeers of "Author, author!!"  
assailed us on every side. A detailed ac-  
count of how the truth was varnished.*



THE EVENING OF OCTOBER 16 was dark and chilly. Not too dark and not too chilly, but sufficiently so to add zest to a brisk walk over to the Green Line bus a quarter mile east of Summit Ave. Bidding the family goodbye for the nonce, I strode forth, my pockets bursting with ajay mail received that day but only partly read, including three of Alf Babcock's *Cats*, which engaged in a tumultuous commotion all the way downtown, scratching and clawing each other and me.

The purpose of the meeting at the V.M.C.A., for which I was headed in an absent-minded, carefree manner (without a worry except perhaps to wonder how far in advance that Babcock fellow must print his *Cats*—one of them being dated next January) was to organize a group of Milwaukee ajayers to publish a paper for the AAPA and NAPA bundles. Nothing highbrow beyond the depths of this plodding amateur, you understand, but a small jam session to rekindle some of the pre-war enthusiasm.



I had a very sociable time at the meeting. Bruce Smith, AAPA trustee, entertainingly discussed his professional journalistic activities, making no mention of the offices he has held in the association



2010 1027

#135

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which is still in a  
See You In New York  
Mood

---

Seventh Heating

March 1946

---

### Pot-Boilers

Editor Ralph Babcock requests that any comments on that 17th *Scarlet Cockerel* be sent to Great Neck, but as I understand he is now hanging out up around Boston, I'll take a chance and put a few down here. Burton Crane's critical essay should be required reading for all amsteurs. I tested his expert preaching on adjectives with the practice of professional authors, and he is right. (I intended to add "as always" but I just read a *Cemetery Rabbit*.) Ralph's article on the not-so-private life of a G. I. rated a rereading.

A different kind of war story was that in *Improvisation*. I like Allen Crandall's productions because he thinks so clearly and writes so well.

Jack Malarek's *Gig* struck up an acquaintanceship with my funny bone. I hope it ripens into a life long friendship.

Who's going to run for what at the next election?

Louise Lincoln, Chef

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which is still  
Convention  
Minded

---

Eighth Heating

August 1946

---

### What To Do At A Convention

We have just attended our first NAPA convention. We had been told that it would be fun. It was. It most certainly was! Yet matters arose concerning which we feel that all prospective conventioners should be advised. Therefore we shall advise, giving those two types of advice most commonly given:

(1) the type that is based on practically no experience; (2) the type you could get along without.

First, get acquainted with everyone present. This attaches personalities to papers. They become letters from friends. More people should go to conventions (Detroit C. of C. please copy) and more Bundles would be read.

Be sure to attend the secret caucus and public election. You may rest assured that seventy-five per cent of what is said is not meant to be taken seriously. Above all else, don't take the other twenty-five per cent seriously. The only quarrels that have arisen in the NAPA have come from someone taking seriously that which was intended to be taken seriously. Just as no

24457

4137

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which is thankful  
The Pilgrims made it  
to Plymouth

Ninth Heating

November 1946

Guy Miller has just informed me that I have paid my dues twice this year. He requests that I do not repeat the performance as it confuses the bookkeeping. That makes us even as the bookkeeping confuses me. After all, I did pay dues to two different treasurers, so they should have been for two different years. Probing into my unreliable memory, I believe I recall that Alf Babcock did once try to bring about a union of the fiscal and official years, but was spanked by some finicky constitutionalists. So we continue to elect our officers from July to July, and pay our dues from January to January. I won't say that I detect a distinct odor of putrefication in such a system, because it all happened before my time, and there might even be a good reason for it. [P. S. My printer tells me there is no good reason for it. A Life Member, who does not pay dues, had a brainstorm and got it put in the constitution, and since then some other Life Members have refused to let it be corrected.] Anyway, it gives me that paid-up feeling until January, 1948. But still and all —

Louise Lincoln

544 Berkeley Road, Columbus 5, O

Dear N.A.P.A. \* ;-

I greet you !

I am a member too ?

The bundles are so interesting

I read them through and thru .

I've 'pulled on ' my old snow shoes

(So I won't get cold feet )

And maybe I can " edit "

By next year when we meet.

But please accept this PROGRAM

That tells you what I do .

That my message / <sup>now</sup> is finished ;

I will say to all , Adieu .

from June

to You.

"I mean you "

\* National Amateur Press Association.

P.S.

\_\_\_\_\_  
 \* . ; - ! ? " " .  
 \_\_\_\_\_  
 : / . \_\_\_\_\_

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which is throwing its hat  
[stove-pipe variety]  
into the ring for Alf.

---

Tenth Heating

May 1947

---

The morning mail was full of political propaganda. The Republicans are backing Neal Pearce for President of the NAPA in return for all the fine publicity he has given them. The Democrats ask judgment be reserved until a true man is found. But the Independents are lining up behind Alf Babcock. His name, they feel, stands for everything that the amateur could desire in a president:

**A**lfred **P**enn **B**abcock  
**A**mateur **P**ublisher: the **B**est  
**A**mateurs' **P**rinter: the **B**est  
**A**mateurs' **P**romoter: the **B**est  
**A**dvance! **P**rogress! with **B**abcock

Heartily endorsed by  
**L**ouise **L**incoln  
and  
**A.** **W**alrus

#140

X-PN 4827



**THE  
JERSEY JOURNALIST**

**FRANCES LOIS VAUGHN, EDITOR**

X-FN 4827

#141

# J U S T

DECEMBER, 1948

Organ Music by Ray Albert.

Sermon by Earle Cornwall.

CATHEDRAL ISSUE

□ □ □

## Experiment

Roses are red,  
Violets blue,  
If you'll love me  
Then I'll love you;  
It may turn out  
To be quite true,  
But, nevertheless  
See page 2.

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#142

# Just Our Type

AUG - 5 1948

July, 1948  
Number One



*The Kitten*

NUMBER 28

JANUARY 1948

## WHY SHOULD I PUT OUT A KITTEN?

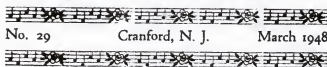
Yes, why should I send a friendly, playful KITTEN on in a cold, cruel world????? Just because Tryout Duerr ast me to ?????? Or because Roy Lindberg promises me he will mail it????? No, those reasons aren't enough!



## YE BLIZZARD OF FORTY-SEVEN

"Put out a KITTEN to show you are still alive," wrote Duerr before Xmas, little dreaming how apt his remark might turn out to be. For 30<sup>odd</sup> years I have heard people around New York City talk of The Blizzard Of 1888, when they had 20 inches of snow in three days. Last winter Duerr got het up whea Milwaukee had 18.1 inches of snow. Roll over and lie quiet, Duerr and ye ghost of '88! On December 26, 1947, in 14 hours we had 26 inches of snow. Notice I don't go claiming a few extra tenths of inches like Bro. Duerr. It was officially 30 inches near where Nita Smith lives. And when I got home from work I stepped off partially ploughed Burnside Ave. into at least 36 inches of drifts. I was much luckier than some who were stalled for hours getting home.

# THE KITTEN



No. 29

Cranford, N. J.

March 1948

## Brother Shattuck, I Object

Apparently you cannot satisfy everyone. Here we have a big, beautiful, sparkling March National Amateur out ahead of time for a change and Editor Shattuck is not content to rest on his richly won laurels and accept the plaudits of the multitude. No, he must, perforce, inject doubt and complications into the situation. He "defily" accuses me of being Zachary Swink, the printer of that "BETTER National Amateur." I would not mind being Zachary Swink judging from all the high praise I have heard of that issue, "the best N A Charley or anyone ever put out," and such remarks as that. But there's a hitch. If I'm Swink, where is the 26 bucks Swink was to get? Come on, Charley, pay up! You could have stuck to your original story that Swink was a Brooklyn pal of yours and we'd have assumed you'd paid Swink already. You haven't paid me.

There is a possibility that that big 26-page N A was printed on my press, and if so that maybe explains why she broke down and had to be welded once more — she split a gut laughing at the contents. Could be. But I assure you that the copy was not written in Cranford.

mentally produced except when the

# THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which goes out often  
but finds California  
too far to go out to

---

Twelfth Heating

March, 1948

---

## *Election In Three Acts*

In the Spring an A. J.'s fancy  
Strongly turns to candidates;  
Praise he pours on those he favors,  
Lesser loves he castigates.

And what is so rare as a day in June  
When panting postmen fail to land a  
Bundle swelled to over-size  
By pre-election propaganda?

The proxies toll the knell of hopeful souls;  
The membership packs up its bag and goes;  
The Constitution settles back to sleep;  
And Peace, though not unmixed with acid, flows.

Who's running for what, anyway?

A would-be pair of supporters

Louise Lincoln

and

A. Walrus

of

544 Berkeley Road, Columbus 5, Ohio

1146

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which really ought to  
let itself go out  
this hot weather

---

Thirteenth Heating

July, 1948

---

In the June issue of *Interlude*, Mr. Cole came out with the statement that a sketch of mine was the n-th degree of absurdity. I'm not so sure he realized it was meant to be absurd in its exaggerations. But it is unfortunate that I gave the impression of favoring the indefinite pampering of mediocrity. I had no intention of giving such an impression, but I did, which means I was guilty of some of the sloppy writing that Mr. Cole so rightly castigates. It is unfortunate that in pressing the point which I did not intend to make, he overlooks the one which I did. So I am going to make it bluntly now.

I have yet to read a review stating: "Jones just put out a 24-pager which had nothing in it worth reading." Very rarely have I read: "Smith's small paper was interesting and/or stimulating." I have read with enjoyment large papers such as *Aonian*, *Alf's Cat*, *Churinga*; medium sized papers, *P-K Scribbler*, *New Estate*, *Martini*, *Rusty's Comet*; and small papers such as *Leaves*, *The Lost Chord*, *Gig*, *Cemetery Rabbit*; plus everything produced by Duerr and Crane. And I have enjoyed them, regardless of size, because they were well written and well edited.

X-PN 4827

#147



# *Koolinda*

No. 5

April, 1948





# The Junior Amateur

(Young Brother of Amateur Scribe)

Volume I

NOVEMBER, 1948

Number 1

## The Lesson On Ice

By WM. (Bucky) HAESELER\*

**D**ICK FELTON sat hunched over the kitchen table, staring into space. He was thinking hard, concentrating on that English assignment. From time to time he looked pensively at his notebook as if looking for an answer to the problem: "Write a composition on the lesson in life that impressed you most". The sentence kept running through his mind. Then different thoughts took its place: What a day's work—Miss Croley, such a teacher—always gave you such big assignments—why couldn't she let you pick your own topic—lesson in life, phooey!—wish I had Mr. Busher instead of Croley, then I could go out with Nancy tonight—assignments...

But that wasn't getting any work done. Dick shifted to a more comfortable position and glanced at the clock: he had better get going if he was going to finish in time. He gave a little start as the telephone rang, then methodically rose to his feet and picked up the receiver.

"Hello," he said in an emotionless voice.

"Hello Dick? This is Nancy."

"Oh, I was coming over tonight, Nance," he explained, "but I'm stuck on English. Croley gave us a composition and I can't do it."

"Gee, I guess I'm lucky to have Busher. What do you have to write on?"

"A story on the lesson in life that impressed you most. I can't think of a single thing."

"Well, how about that hockey game. Remember?"

Dick's voice suddenly became alive.

"Hockey game," he said, "Oh, I'll call you back Nance. That's a good idea." He put down the receiver and slipped into the chair again. His memory went back to a scene in his living-room three years ago. Dick Felton had forgotten the present world. He was in the world of three years before.

The Eagles (that was his hockey team) had lost another game. It was their second game of the season, but losing two games is a bad start. And that Clyde Jackson—what a left wing he turned out to be. Dick and Clyde were mortal enemies, and it's no wonder that the team had gone down to defeat, with the center and left wing unfriendly. Dick was sitting in the front room, nursing a bruised leg, when his girl friend, Nancy, entered.

"We lost, Nance."

"I know. Saw the game. Did you hurt your leg badly?"

"No. Clyde lifted one right into my shin. On purpose I bet."

"Well I notice you never play with him," put in Nancy. "What's wrong with your team anyhow? You all seem to have ability."

"If it wasn't for Clyde, we would have won both our games."

"Every time I've seen him play he does all right."

Dick looked straight at her. "What do you mean by that?" he asked.

"Well—I guess you'd call it no cooperation. A couple of times you could have passed to Clyde for a goal but..."

"I'm not going to pass to him. He can't handle the puck. If I ever did the score would be twenty to nothing."

#149

Jottings

A paper reproduced with Mimeograph Materials and an L.C.Smith typewriter-Elite type.

A Winter Edition \_\_\_\_\_ Conover, N.C. \_\_\_\_\_ Roland E. Haase, Editor \_\_\_\_\_

This will be the first issue of JOTTINGS that some of you will see. Hope you will be in condition to look at another one some time.

Fellow Am.Daas tells me that the U.A.P.A. bundle goes out on about the tenth of the month - since I am sitting here before the typewriter which is sitting in front of the radio which is tuned in to the North Carolina - Duke Football Game therefore the next mailing date will be December and December brings Christmas - so - even if a bit early. I am wishing all who read these lines a true Christmas. Remember the first Christmas Gift! It was the Gift that God gave to men, namely, Jesus Christ the Babe of Bethlehem. Remember that the first real and true Christmas story is found beautifully told in the book of St. Luke, Chapter 2 in the Bible. Read it this year!

Jottings will appear as often as time and inclination indicate. It appeared the first as a UAPAA publication - now there will be also some U.A.P.A. editions.

The editor of JOTTINGS invites the poets (male and female) to send their brain children. He makes no promises of publication. If you would guarantee the return of your creation, send along a stamped, self-addressed envelope (Hail). Here is a piece of poetry - of unknown origin - or do you know the composer?

Sad is the life of a gal who has wed  
A guy with desire to write in his head;  
Readin' or writin' or standin' or sittin',  
The gal has to read the stuff the guy's written.  
She is the dog who first samples his stuff -  
The life that she leads is what I call tough!

Boys and girls - is that poetry? You tell me! And what can you offer?

Some man (or was it a woman) told the editor one time that most any man can get out of a difficulty if he uses his head - but we admire the man who when he is handed a lemon, he takes it and makes lemonade out of it. Such a fellow might even catch the wolf when it comes to the door and make a rug out of its skin. (No girls - we don't mean the two-footed wolf that whistles!)

Funny Names - There are many hundreds of funny names - of people and places - the editor of JOTTINGS is interested in finding some new ones - here are some examples of such names found in North Carolina - send Jottings some that occur in your state and locality (Thank you!) A Negro woman in Guilford County (N.C.) had twin sons whom she named, "Possil Paul" and "Pissel Peter". Then there is, "Emancipation Proclamation Baxter". Another, "Perseverance Jones". Also a man named "Tribulation Wholesome Alexander" - He was sometimes called, "Trib" and "Hole". He had twin girls named, "Cherubim" and "Seraphim".

Now for some place names: Up in Virginia there these three communities: Goby, Igo and Passapatanz. Someone remarked: "When I go by GOBY, I go by IGO to pass by PASSAPATANZY. (Try that out on your speaking implements.)"

In which one of these resort cottages would you stay if they had these names: "Gud-e-nuff" - "We BLEW INN" - "Wo-o-Ma" - "Cat-Che-Coo" - "We Rolled Inn" - "Happy-Nest" -----What can you offer? Drop us a line or two.

Thanks for reading!



# THE KITTEN

no. 31

Dec. '49

Yes, I rather expect this to be termed a monstrosity, and receive a full quota of brickbats, old shoes, and the ilk. Of course it is partly my kid brother's fault. You know Ralph has

been experimenting with unusual layouts for his Weaker Moments. That has induced me to try my hand at an original motif. Another reason for this particular arrangement is the type. Six months ago Ralph sent me this font of type and asked me to try to sell it for him. After trying for six months to sell it I gave up and bought it myself. I like it; it's 10 pt. Cushing. However, there may not be enough of it to set 2 full pages so I'm spreading it



out a little with pictures. That closing remark by Prexy Ellis in his Presidential Yack Yack seems sound advice. He said:

Some of my customers think I should state my rates & bluntly advertise that I print papers for other ajs but I think that is a bit too commercial. I don't try to do the cheapest possible job. I try to print papers for you that you will be pleased with.

"There is No other Hobby in the world that will give you The Pleasure That Amateur Journalism will give you if you will practice it and not Just Day Dream About It. Write, Edit, Publish, or PRINT -- THIS YEAR!"

Want a 7 x 11 side-lever hand press? A man in Linden, N. J., has one for sale for fifty dollars. I have been over and seen it. Linden is just a couple of miles from Cranford where this was printed at 121 Burnside Avenue.



## THE KITTEN

No. 32

Dec. '49

### We Are Broke

#### *How Do You Like That?*

Yes, in mid-November the NAPA was almost broke and did not have the usual \$75 to spend on the December NATIONAL AMATEUR! I won't try to give definite amounts or make predictions on how few pages the Dec. N A will have. About all I can say is that if I were Off. Ed. now it would have six pages and cover. Maybe my brother Ralph will be able to do better than that. The only certainty is

#### **PEOPLE WILL SQUAWK!**

And probably rightly so! How did it happen? Why weren't we told sooner? The fault goes back a long way and the blame can be split among a lot of people. Secy-Treas. Lee, who will likely be Ex-Secy. by the time you read this, is one. Ex-Prexy Shattuck, Harold Ellis, last year's and this year's

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which will go to Brooklyn  
if it can surmount  
a couple of ifs

Fourteenth Heating

March, 1949

Recently the theory that I would make a good vice-president for the N. A. P. A. has appeared. Ignoring whether or not I could be elected, the fact remains that I have no desire to be elected to the vice-presidency or any other office. The reasons are obvious. I am not a prolific letter writer, both from necessity and choice. I do not own a press, and during the past year at least, my number of publications would not even meet the official standard for officials. Thirdly and unequivocally, I am not a politician: which is simply another way of saying I am not sufficiently thick-skinned to endure all the personalities of the three months preceeding election, nor the mudballs, autographed and anonymous, that are slung at the rans and also-rans alike for the nine months following. Finally, if none of these objections existed, I still would not run for office because I do not have, have not had, and never expect to have, the wish to be an officer. With that let us bury the subject, and mark it and me R. I. P.

Louise Lincoln  
544 Berkeley Road,  
Columbus 5, Ohio

10-27 1949

# THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which decided it better get printed  
before the Russians blew up  
Alf and Clarence and it.

Fifteenth Heating

October, 1949

A couple of weeks ago Alf Babcock began bombarding us (me and the Walrus) with plagiarisms from the Walrus to the effect that the time had come—not to talk but to fire up *The Stove*. So we got out our two pencils and the sponge to lick them with, since the old tongue method is considered unsanitary. The resulting issue is hereby dedicated to Alf, without whom it might never have been. We wash our hands of whether that is good or bad and pass the soap on to him.

A couple of months ago we attended the Brooklyn convention. That was unquestionably good. We would again express our thanks to the local group which entertained us so royally and to those whose subsequent publications helped us remember it so happily. And while we're in this benevolent mood, we shall also say thank you to all whose publications have slid through the mail slot. It is always a pleasure to hear from you.

Louise Lincoln  
A. Walrus  
544 Berkeley Road  
Columbus 5, Ohio

X-PN 4827

#154

# The Joy Bearer



| 1949 |     | MARCH |     |      |     |     | 1949 |  |
|------|-----|-------|-----|------|-----|-----|------|--|
| SUN  | MON | TUE   | WED | THUR | FRI | SAT |      |  |
|      |     | 1     | 2   | 3    | 4   | 5   |      |  |
| 6    | 7   | 8     | 9   | 10   | 11  | 12  |      |  |
| 13   | 14  | 15    | 16  | 17   | 18  | 19  |      |  |
| 20   | 21  | 22    | 23  | 24   | 25  | 26  |      |  |
| 27   | 28  | 29    | 30  | 31   |     |     |      |  |

MARCH 1949

\$1.00 Per Year

\$2.00 Foreign

20c Copy

Volume 12

Number 3

X-PN 4827

#155

# The Joy Bearer

| 1949 |     | AUGUST |     |      |     |     |  | 1949 |
|------|-----|--------|-----|------|-----|-----|--|------|
| SUN  | MON | TUE    | WED | THUR | FRI | SAT |  |      |
|      | 1   | 2      | 3   | 4    | 5   | 6   |  |      |
| 7    | 8   | 9      | 10  | 11   | 12  | 13  |  |      |
| 14   | 15  | 16     | 17  | 18   | 19  | 20  |  |      |
| 21   | 22  | 23     | 24  | 25   | 26  | 27  |  |      |
| 28   | 29  | 30     | 31  |      |     |     |  |      |

AUGUST 1949

\$1.00 Per Year

\$2.00 Foreign

20c Copy

Volume 12

Number 8

X-PN 4812

#156

# The Joy Bearer

"HAPPY BIRTHDAY"  
12 Years

| 1949 DECEMBER 1949 |     |     |     |      |     |     |
|--------------------|-----|-----|-----|------|-----|-----|
| SUN                | MON | TUE | WED | THUR | FRI | SAT |
|                    |     |     |     | 1    | 2   | 3   |
| 4                  | 5   | 6   | 7   | 8    | 9   | 10  |
| 11                 | 12  | 13  | 14  | 15   | 16  | 17  |
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DECEMBER, 1949

\$1.00 Per Year    \$2.00 Foreign

VOLUME 12

20c Copy

NUMBER 12



# The Junior Scribe

(Young Brother of Amateur Scribe)

Volume I

APRIL, 1949

Number 2

## This is New York

By DENNIS C. SHARP



EW YORK is like a fairyland. I saw this fairyland not so long ago, in June of 1947, to be exact. I will long remember the bright lights of the Great White Way, and many other experiences I had.

My first experience in the great city was a ride on a subway. I was fascinated by the rushing, roaring trains, and bug-eyed when I climbed aboard a fast express. The train tore along the tracks, and I had never seen anything go so fast in my life. The subway trains in New York run fast and furious, and you must not waste any time about climbing on one, because they do not allow you much time for getting on. I almost got shut out of one when I wasn't hurrying.

The first meal I ate in New York was at Jack Dempsey's Broadway restaurant. I had an excellent dinner there, and enjoyed watching the crowds as I ate.

I was a bit overwhelmed by the enormous portions served in the restaurants in New York. I was forced to leave half my dinner on my plate, and was so full I felt I wouldn't want a meal for a long time. The food in the New York restaurants is delicious, the waiters are very courteous, and are full of suggestions of food that make your mouth water, and stir up a real appetite in anybody. They just keep putting food and more food on your plate, and no sooner do you finish Course 1, when a waiter puts another tantalizing dish in front of you. The result is that you eat until you feel that you will burst then and there.

In the evening of the first day of my arrival, I attended a performance of the stage show, "Annie Get Your Gun," the current Broadway hit. This is a wonder-

ful show, and is filled with comedy, music, and general all-round enjoyment. This was the first stage show I had ever seen, and was the only one I did see in New York.

The next evening, which was a Friday, after having a delicious dinner at a place called Keen's English Chop House, I went to the Radio City Music Hall, and saw the famed Rockettes, precision dancers. Forty-eight girls dance on a stage, and it looks like one girl is doing the dancing. They do their steps at the same instant all together, and it is a beautiful spectacle, one that is hard to describe. One would have to see these dancers to appreciate and understand their art. It requires split-second timing and action on their part, and they do it beautifully.

The movie at the Music Hall was called "Great Expectations," from the novel by Charles Dickens. The story keeps you on the edge of your seat the whole time, and the acting is splendid. Considering the Rockettes, and the movie, "Great Expectations," I had a wonderful evening.

The next day, Saturday, I visited a radio broadcast, "Archie Andrews," and enjoyed actually seeing what I hear every Saturday morning over NBC. While we were in the NBC studios, we went on a guided tour of the National Broadcasting Company, the largest broadcasting system in the world.

The tour was conducted by a girl who took us to all the main points of interest, including a television demonstration, and kept the tour lasting no longer than an hour, to the minute. One hour of touring is the guarantee of the company,

## J U S T B R O W S I N G A R O U N D

VOLUME 1 - NO.2

DECEMBER 1949

EDITED BY--LAURA STAFFORD  
121 SO. BRIGHTON ST.  
BURBANK, CALIF.

MIMEOGRAPHED BY--  
GEORGE A. BOEHME  
U.A.P.A. MAILING MANAGER

## HAPPY HOLIDAYS !

Christmas is a time for sentiment and joy  
for

Holly with crisp red berries  
Reading of the traditional stories  
Illuminating the fir tree  
Songs of cheer  
Tables of good things to eat  
Mistletoe....just in case  
A boxful of cards and messages gay  
Such bountiful gifts for you and me.

The most widely read book in this glorious season--aside from "The Visit of St. Nicholas"--is the world famous "Christmas Carol." A story is told that Dicken's friends always remembered him on New Years, whatever the weather, standing at the open door--his watch in hand. As the chimes rang out he would exclaim, "A Happy New Year and God bless you all."

In 1223, St. Francis of Assisi brought the wonder of the Nativity to a small town in Italy. When the people saw the reproduction of the manger with real animals and a baby--they were overcome and burst into song. And Carols were born.

When you are seated around the table and someone says, "Please pass the mince pie,"--take a second look at that delicacy. Originally called "Christmas Pie"--it was baked in an oblong shape to represent the manger--the pie crust was the gold, and the spicy ingredients became the frankincense and myrrh,--the gifts of the Wisemen.

There is nothing so inspiring to the gaiety of Christmas as mistletoe. Considered heaven-sent, it was found atop a giant oak drawing its very life from the air---. This plant is bound to start something even tho:

"Under the bunch of mistletoe the homely maiden stands  
And stands, and stands, and stands, and stands,  
And stands, and stands, and stands."

The mailmen are busy distributing cards these days. And all because a Henry Cole commissioned J.C. Hersley to design one for him. It was the first ever printed and happened in the middle of the 19th Century. Mr. Hersley produced a drawing showing a flowery trellis entwined by a grapevine forming two panels on either side. The center panel showed a happy family--each member holding a well filled wine glass.



## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which blushed red hot  
after reading the president's latest message.

---

Sixteenth Heating

May, 1950

---

Several months ago the Walrus and I decided the wastebasket was not the complete answer to our storage problems, so we bought another piece of furniture. Its bottom drawer is currently being used to hold our postponements. These consist of all items which we shall consider later. Occasionally we even consider them. The other day we considered the bundle and the four-page *National Amateur*. The *NA* speaks for itself, though being so emaciated, it doesn't say much. Silence may be golden, but it looks as though the silence would be permanent if the gold isn't forthcoming. Which sounds as if dues should be raised. After all, these special contributions have the same effect. And don't say we wouldn't be in this mess if it were not for the ex-secretary. I seem to recall the whole matter as an annual problem whose solution is long overdue.

Actually the *Stove* was not being heated up to say that. All we intended to say was that we were among those who had been letting dust gather on the typewriter, and we're ashamed we let our president down like that. This is our last minute effort at restoration.

X-PN 4827

#160

# The Joy Bearer



FEBRUARY 1950

\$1.00 Per Year

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20c Copy

Volume 13

Number 2

# JUST BROWSING AROUND

 SPRING  
EDITION

#161

 Laura J. Stafford . 121 South Brighton Street  
Editor 0000 . Burbank California

 MARCH 1950  
Mimeographed by--  
George A. Boehm  
0000

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION QUARTERLY PUBLICATION

\*\*\*\*\*

## HAPPY EASTER

It must have been a day just like this when Hazel Crandell wrote;

### IT'S SPRING

 When warbling waters rill the hills  
And Sol a brighter glory spills;  
When one just aches to leap and shout  
Nor cares a hang what life's about--

 By' Jing  
It's Spring

 When feathered lyricists dot the trees  
And pour love-lyrics on the breeze;  
When rhyme and reason's left behind  
And whimsies daft usurp the mind--

 By Jing  
It's Spring

 When daffodilics hug the feet  
And drench the air with savory sweet;  
When suddenly one knows he's mad  
And in his heart is down right glad--

 By Jing  
It's Spring!

A couple of 'Did you knows' :

Easter takes its name from the Anglo-Saxon EOSTRE--goddess of light.

 The Romans recognized the egg as a symbol of life and fertility.  
Rolling eggs may have originated among primitive people who super-  
stitiously believed that rolling this symbol would make the land  
productive.

## THE LORD'S SUPPER

 The stained glass window of THE LORD'S SUPPER at FOREST LAWN  
MEMORIAL PARK,--Glendale, California is as awe-inspiring today as  
it was when the artist placed his brush on the original canvas for  
the last time. (continued next page)

# The Kitten

No. 37

September 1951

It is getting close to amendment time so I bettes hurry and offer mine.

1. Restore dues to \$2. (Membership is worth more than that to only a few people as is shown by the large number who got out in the past year. Some people join for \$2, decide it isn't worth \$3 and drop out. \$3 dues from a few folks won't give us the N As we'd like to have so we may just as well go back to \$2 and *keep* more members, and we may get just as much money that way.)

2. Stop selling life memberships. (I am told last year's Amendment 7 had too much in it, that some people liked parts of it but not all. So by dividing it up perhaps most of it will pass.)

3. Any member who serves a full year as official editor shall be enrolled as a member for five years without fee.

4. Any member who serves a full year as president subsequent to July 1952 shall be be enrolled as a member for ten years without fee.

It is time we woke up. Give rewards for service as editor as well as president. Our tradition that a person must be editor before being president and only be rewarded for being president is silly. Some people

## THE KITCHEN STOVE

Which is dedicated to the proposition  
that Alfred P. Babcock  
would make a fine president.

---

Seventeenth Heating

February, 1951

---

### WHO THROWS OUT WHAT

The following sentiments are not to be regarded as a plea. Those to whom they are addressed would not be open to pleading. Let's call them a letter to the editor, signed "Disgusted." They are concerned with the publications which purport to come from some individual who did not write them. There was a time when we thought anonymous smear was the lowest thing the type lice hauled out of a case. Now we yield the palm to the sub-louse who signs somebody else's name to his productions. Our wastebasket was designed to receive all such rubbish. It also has ample space for any paper, signed, unsigned, or forged, which devotes itself to malicious personal remarks. Furthermore, we have no intention of ever giving such scribblers the satisfaction of having their stuff recognized by us. And anyone who wishes to join our toss-it-out-and-don't-mention-it campaign is welcome.

*Louise Lincoln & A. Walrus*

# KEYS

PA 4327

4/14

*Inspirational Gems that open and enlighten the heart*

A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION

Edited and Published by--

Chet Stein

706 W. 2nd St. Aberdeen, Wash.



**FAITH, HOPE and LOVE are essential elements necessary for success and VICTORY IN LIFE!**

Greetings Friends;

I have been a U.A.P.A. member for over a year. I am ashamed to have to admit during this long contact with our fine organization, little effort on my part has been made to add to (or perhaps blur) the record which the active members have established the United Amateur Press Association—with their individual efforts.

No doubt, when every member joins, their intentions (like mine) were to take an active part—but like the average person, there is no "steam" behind our good intentions, and we just drift along with the effortless tide of humanity, content with expending our life in purposeless existence.

Lately, I have been trying to stir up a new awakening within me; to grasp with my mind and mold with my thoughts, the truth, that I can improve my being and add more zest and vim to my life—IF I could generate personal power to force myself up the trail that leads to more worthy and higher heights.

Focusing one's sights on a definite goal was revealed to be the first requisite. This is what I have in mind: I would like to collect from everyone of you your KEY thoughts, incident, fact, story, poem, etc that we all have treasured in our hearts. Any inspirational gem that in its retelling might serve to brighten or inspire other hearts as it did yours. The effort required of you to dig down within your fondest memories to uncover the wonderful "gems of life" and to write them up interestingly and concisely will greatly reward you, I am sure.

Please send them in to me, and I will do my best to pass them on. The following two will give you some idea of what I have in mind. ---Chet Stein

FAITH by Napoleon Hill

"The substance of things hoped for; the evidence of things not seen"

FAITH is the "eternal elixir" which gives life, power and action to the impulse of thought!

FAITH is the starting point of all accumulation of life's treasures.

FAITH is the basis of all "miracles" and mysteries which cannot be analyzed by the rules of science.

FAITH is the only known antidote for FAILURE.

FAITH is the element, the "chemical" which, when mixed with prayer, gives one direct communication with Infinite Intelligence.

FAITH is the element which transforms the ordinary vibrations of thought created by the finite mind of man into spiritual equivalent.

FAITH is the only agency through which the cosmic force of Infinite Intelligence can be harnessed and used by man.

HAVE FAITH IN YOURSELF ATTUNED TO FAITH IN THE INFINITE!

\*\*\* \*\*

FAITH REWARDED (A true story as told by Frances Vaughan)

I firmly believe, that if we have enough faith, we can accomplish anything. But the difficulty lies in that little word IF. We just don't let ourselves believe and have faith; we do too much worrying about what the consequences will be.

When I lose my own faith, I try to recall the story of a distant relative of mine, whom we called "Aunt Lide". She was a little wren of a lady, plump and pleasant, gracious and always kind, in spite of the fact that her poor old eyes had dimmed and finally gave out altogether. In the last ten years of her life, she was totally blind. But as Aunt Lide often said, she saw through the eyes of faith. (continued on next page)

FAITH, HOPE and LOVE are essential elements necessary for success and VICTORY IN LIFE!

# KEYS

*"Inspirational Gems that open and enlighten the heart!"*

A U.A.P.A. PUBLICATION

Edited and Published by—

Chas. Stein

706 W. 2nd St. (Bendone, Wash.)

No. 4 AUGUST Vol. I

Hello there, Friends!

My warmest appreciative thanks to all who sent the many kind words about my efforts with "KEYS". If you have ever published a paper, you know what a comfort and incentive just a few words of acknowledgement are to a struggling amateur. Without such encouragement, enthusiasm soon dies—even in the most determined heart. So never let an impulse to write to the editors pass unheeded.

Realizing that anything of a commercial nature is definitely out of place in our "bundle", I nevertheless feel led to present to you an opportunity to open a channel thru which many wonderful "KEYS", thought gems and heart-warming stories will surely uplift and enlighten your life. I discovered YOUR HAPPINESS magazine just a short time ago, and seeing how much it has done for me, I have taken upon myself the endeavor to spread the good word along. If there is a place or a need within you for good wholesome seed thoughts, by all means invest \$2.50 in a years subscription to YOUR HAPPINESS magazine. It will pay you rich dividends. It is printed in the digest magazine size, in clear readable printing.

\*1. The person who sows a single beautiful thought in the mind of another, renders the world a greater service than all the faultfinders combined.

\*2. Neglect to broaden their view has kept some men doing one thing all their lives.

\*3. In every soul there has been deposited the seed of a great future, but that seed will never germinate, much less grow to maturity, except through the rendering of useful service.

\*4. Remember this, when things go against you, that of all the expressions you carry in your face, the light of joy shines the farthest out to the sea of life.

\*5. Be thankful for the adversities which cross your path, for they should teach you tolerance, sympathy, self-control, perseverance and some other virtues you might never acquire.

\*6. Life is not a goblet to be drained; it is a measure to be filled.

\*7. Cherish your visions and your dreams as they are the children of your soul; the blue-prints of your ultimate achievements.

\*8. To give pleasure to a single heart by a single kind act is better than a thousand head-bowings in prayer.—Saadi

\*9. If we could read the secret history of our enemies, we should find in each man's life sorrow and suffering enough to disarm all hostility.

\*10. Half the wrecks that strew life's ocean, if some star had been their guide, might in safety now be riding, but they drifted with the tide.

\*11. Until you have learned to be tolerant with those who do not always agree with you—Until you have cultivated the habit of asying some kind word of those whom you do not admire—Until you have formed the habit of looking for the good instead of the bad there is in life, you will be neither successful nor happy.

\*12. It is a striking coincidence that "AMERICAN" ends with "I CAN".

\*\*\*Enthusiasm is the mainspring of the soul. Keep it wound up and you will never be without power to get what you actually need.

THESE "KEYS" OBSERVED, TRIED IN THE "KEYHOLE" OF MY HEART—AND FOUND COMFORTING!

# THE KEYHOLE

#166



EDITORS & PUBLISHERS

Larry Doucette, Jr. (First Vice-President  
39 Marianna Street U.A.P.A.)  
Lynn, Massachusetts

Eddie Devlin  
64 Dartmouth St.

*A United Amateur Press Association Publication*

## BOSTON CONVENTION A REAL SUCCESS

Only in the United could a group of conventioners have such a completely wonderful time at a convention. This was my first U.P.A. convention, but it certainly is not my last.

Before I go into the convention details I wish to sincerely thank all of the UAPA members who voted for me as their first Vice-president. I shall try to justify your faith in me. I want to say that THIS ELECTION was one of the most unusual that I have ever taken part in for I don't believe that there was one vote cast against either Mr. Farmer or myself.

First and foremost in the success of any convention is the financial backing that it receives. I was very pleased with the contributions towards the entertainment fund and surprised at the number that I received. I must thank our secretary Eddie Daas for the letter that he sent all the members pleading for funds.

Contributors were; Anna M. Hayes, Holyoke, Mass.; Charlotte F. White; Leopoldine Yurak, Holyoke, Mass.; G. Wallace Tibbetts of Wellesley, Mass.; Margaret Walker from Long Lake, Minn.; Bernard Turtletaub, Englewood, N.J.; Harry Reed, Wood, Wisc..see page 2.....

## HO-HUM

Ho-hum. As I look out the window I note a cold drizzling rain that clearly signifies the end of a long warm summer. Yes, fall is coming upon us here in New England. What with school and football back in swing, most of the summer fun has been assimilated into the back of our minds, with only the highlights remaining clear in our memory.

However, regardless of the enjoyment of our vacations we all feel an inward joy to return to work or school and renew old acquaintances and take up again where we left off.

This reminds me of the tale of the man who woke up one morning to find himself dead. He then appeared to be in a great palace seated in a chair surrounded by many servants. He guessed that the place was Heaven, and then asked one of the servants for something to satisfy his hunger. Immediately a table with food appeared before him and he subsequently stuffed himself. He then asked for a cigar, and one of the men silently produced a lighted one. Before long he discovered he could have anything he wanted. For a long time he received anything he wanted to eat or drink, and heard beautiful music all around him. Then, one day he asked one of the  
(see page 2.....



X-PN 4817

#167

# The Joy Bearer



*MARCH, 1952*

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Number 2

Volume 1 ... No. 2

Amateur Press  
Association Publication

APRIL 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, N. J.

- EDITORS -  
Beware!  
We grow on people ...

Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 So. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

- 0 - 0 - 0 -

OFF THE BAT: First, many thanks for the nice things said about "J.J.B" and we would like to voice our praises concerning the apt titles given various bundle papers, which fit their contents, as well as personality of the editors. For instance: ECHOES. His thoughts not only echo the wisdom of the ages, but will "echo" down to posterity. However, we can't call Bill Ellis an "echo" ... nope, much too substantial. Now, consider these titles: CHATTERBOX; THE MAN SAYS; MAIL POUCH; RIME HOUSE; SMOKE RINGS; DUET; THE CHAPLAIN; THIS MONTH'S BLOOMING CREATIONS; WORDS; etc. See?

- 0 - 0 - 0 -

OFF THE CHEST by GENERAL GRIPE  
(S.O.S.-Some quatrain gripes please!)

OFF THE COB by KERNEL KORN  
(I'm still popping corn. Got any?)

-- SURPRISE --

-- NO MORE THAN FAIR --

He warned, "You'll miss me when I'm gone!"  
Right then, I didn't doubt him,  
So what a sweet surprise to find  
How nice it is without him. M.K.H.

I built my wrens a bird-house  
Amid the building boom;  
But now, I've been evicted,  
And they're renting me a room.

- 0 - 0 - 0 -

-- R E M E M B E R I N G --

(Your personal tribute column. This poem came from Lorraine Good, 655 N. Parkside, Chicago, written to Theone Brown of Oak Park, Ill. at the death of her mother. Thanks, L.)

(I went to the Capitol City, Thomas D. Vaughn, 5425--31st St., N. W. Washington 15, D.C., for this Bit of Corn. Yes, they grow it!)

-- WASHINGTON, D.C. --

I live in the city called D.C.  
The home of the deaf and the blind,  
Where colonels speak only to generals,  
And generals are easy to find.  
--Thomas D. Vaughn

-- COURAGE --

It isn't easy to give up  
The things we hold most dear,  
To smile, when eyes are wont to spill  
The blessed, burning tear.  
Though some relinquish life itself  
And quavor not at all,  
It takes a heart and all it holds  
To scale old Trouble's wall.

-- SEEING IS BELIEVING --

(I went to Oregon for this one)  
"I've not a thing to wear," she said,  
The little gay deceiver,  
But when you see her stepping out,  
You really must believe her.

-- Adrian Johnston

It isn't easy to go on  
When all the world seems lost,  
To forge ahead courageously  
And pay the needful cost.  
To lift one's head when sorrow comes  
Is comfort just to know  
Our courage matches that of His  
Who shares our deepest woe. --L. G.

(From "Hobart Ind. Gazette")

Remember, send me corn poems! F.L.V.

- 0 - 0 -

THE J.F. JINGLES - BFLLES

Vol. 1 ... No. 4

Amateur Press  
Association Publication

June 19 32

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Aves.  
Millville, N. J.

- FLITERS -  
Beware!  
WE GROW ON FOOLIE

Frances Lois Vaughan  
322 So. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

~~~~~

OFF THE CHEST is edited by Kathy, OFF THE COB is edited by Fran, but---
OFF THE BAT comes from the pair of us, and here's what we have to say:
A lot has been said about the nature of the different bundle papers.
Some think that every paper should contain thought-provoking editorials,
discussions on important issues of the day, & always present in some
form, the inevitable rood for thought. But as the hungry flea exclaimed
as he spied the hind-quarters of a dog in the distance, "There's food
around the corner!" ... so we tell you to go to the other papers. For
your food. Come back here for dessert if you will, and feast on the
nectar of humor. But don't think for a moment that we couldn't produce
the meat if we had to. It's only that too much meat produces iron, and
we aim to be the silver, even the silver of tinkling bells. Let others
soll ... WE WANT TO JINGLE!

~~~~~

OFF THE CHEST By General Gripe

First to mount the soap box comes  
Thomas Vaughn and he ought to know,  
being from Washington, D. C.

NEW DEALER: A shady politician who  
ardently believes that wrong makes  
right. T.V. (No, not television!)

PROPAGANDA is ILLUSION masquerading  
as TRUTH. T. V. (Thomas Vaughn)

HE ALSO SEZ: The difference between  
baseball strikes and railroad strikes  
is amazing. You can only have three  
strikes in baseball, but in railroad-  
ing you can have as many strikes as  
you want and you're not out. T. V.  
GET DOWN THOMAS--ADRIAN'S TURN

OH, GIMME!

Oh gimme the modeling radio star  
And the HillBilly Boys from Broadway  
Oh, gimme the girl who sings "Home,  
on the Range,"

And the cowboys from Rancid, N. J.  
Oh gimme the saxist who tootles all day  
From dawn till the low setting sun;  
Oh gimme the crooner who sighs as he  
(sings

And gimme--oh, gimme a gun! A. Johnston

OFF THE COB By Kernel Korn

Adrian Johnston says he must be  
Cornish, "eein' as how he dis-  
penses so much corn. He also  
goes on to say that "poets are  
born, not paid." Yes, Mr. J.  
RIME DOES NOT PAY! ... All this  
talk about corn inspired me to  
write a song about it, titled,  
"I'm A Corn-fed Chicken". Call  
me up sometime and I'll sing (?)  
it for you. Goes like this:

"I got corn in my stockin!---  
Corn in my shoe." ... Oh, well,  
call me up sometime!

- SITTING PRETTY -

I'm a melancholy baby, & bitter;  
And my nights are long & bitter;  
What I need, I have no doubt sir,  
Is a handsome baby-sitter!

-- F. L. V.

Be there any applicants? Don't  
crowd!

Kathy says an alto is a soprano  
who can't quite make it.

## THE JEFFERSON JINGLES - BRILES

Vol. 1 ... No. 5

Jefferson Press  
Association Publication

July 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, N. J.- EDITORS -  
Bowers:  
WE GROW ON PEOPLEFrances Lois Vaughn  
322 So. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

~~OFF THE BAT:~~ The 4th of July has come and gone. It's true, but we are still all fired up from the meaning of Independence Day. Anyway, we didn't use all of our fire-crackers so we'll toss one now and admit that we think we're just about the luckiest people on earth to be Americans living in America. Now we know that right away a lot of people will start to nate over everything wrong with this country. Uh-huh, we agree with you--up to a certain point. Isn't it mostly the little things we gripe about? And remember, even the grining is an AMERICAN privilege. But honestly, don't you have to agree, down deep in your heart, that America still stands "pat" on the really important issues, the ones our constitution laid out in the beginning? Couldn't anybody or any nation rob us of our "four freedoms"? Our country was established by honest, God-fearing, court-goers and unquarable MEN who did a job pretty hard to "down" or cross--and they are our ancestors. So with that kind of a family tree we're going to be pretty hard to whack down, even though a few of us do get out on a limb now and then when we get careless and forgetful.

Anyway, America isn't nearly as black as we get to painting it when we get all steamed up over capers cut in the "high places". For instance, we realized this fact more than ever when a Russian in our town had a hating the other day, charged with murder. Unable to talk our language, he had an interpreter and every few minutes, he would ask the interpreter, "When are they going to take me out and shoot me?" In his native country, that was the usual procedure--usually without trial. The Judge assured him that in America, we do things differently. Here, we respect the God-given right of every human being to be given a fair chance. Yes, we repeat--WE'RE GLAD WE'RE AMERICANS--regardless!

--Kathleen Patrick Henry Haley &amp; Frances Lois G. Washington Vaughn--

## OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe (K.)

First of all, I thank all who sent such lovely birthday cards, (including Smokey's sweet original poem), and they made my natal celebration even happier. I'll write personal thanks, but for now--THANKS! --Kathy

- 0 - 0 -

Clarence Steele sent this on the back of a postal on baby sitting:

"He is a very little fellow  
And he gets his weights and  
measures wrong.

When I asked him how much he weighed,

He said, "I weigh forty inches long."

- 0 - 0 -

BELIEVE IT OR NOT by Frances Swanson  
Here lies the body of Timmie Grey  
Who died, maintaining his right of  
way.

OFF THE COB by Kernel Korn (F.)  
This load of corn came in on mule  
back from Missouri, straight from  
the fertile brain of Dr. Belle S.  
Mooney.

-- SING TO ME --

They say that money talks, could  
I translate

The tongue it speaks, how happy

But greater joy were mine if I

could meet  
The coin that sings, "I hear you  
calling me."

Chew on this kernel by Dr. Belle  
Washing dishes as you can plainly

Isn't all they are crony  
Be.

- 0 -

THE JERSEY JINGLE-BELLES

Vol. 1 ... No. 6

Amateur Press  
Association Publication

August 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratten Ave.  
Millville, N. J.

- EDITORS -  
Beware!  
WE GROW ON PEOPLE

Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 So. Second St.  
Millville, New Jersey

OFF THE EAT: Let's talk about FRIENDSHIP. It is truly a lovely and wonderful thing. Life without congenial friends would not be worth living. Have you found such friends in the U.A.P.A.? If you haven't it must be because you haven't written to any of the editors to tell them how much you enjoy their papers, or because you haven't sent a birthday card to a member, or maybe haven't welcomed new members. On such a small beginning, life-long friendships are being formed every day. It's up to you! The JINGLE BELLES have made a host of friends in the short time we have been among you. We get more mail than anybody on our street. The only trouble with us is this: IF we should ever meet any of you personally, how in the heck are we gonna live up to our letters, which, you will have to admit, are HUNTINGPS? But then, WE ARE HUMDINGERS, too; or so they tell us. Through the U.A.P.A. medium, our esteemed Bill Ellis has acquired what Solomon in all his glory could not hope to equal. (Are you with me?); Smokey Paul has become the grand-daddy of a hundred young things; and the editors of this paper have met enough gentlemen to start an OLD SOLDIER'S HOME. That's real FRIENDSHIP for you. AMEN!

- 0 - 0 - 0 -

OFF THE CHEST By General Gripe (K)

Due to mimeo troubles, F. Swanson's quatrain was only half there. So with my apologies, I'll repeat it.

BELIEVE IT, OR NOT

Here lies the body of Tommie Grey  
Who died, maintaining his right  
of way.

He was right, dead right, as he  
sped along,

But he's just as dead, as if he'd  
been dead wrong.

-- Frances L. Swanson  
- 0 - 0 - 0 -

FOOD NOTE

Indian porridge

Is simply horridge!

-- Edwin L. Brooks

KLEPTOMANIACS have very TAKING ways.  
CHICKENS are unbelievably DUMB --  
AND THEN SOME! (K)

OFF THE COB By Kernel Korn (F)

Here is some Illinois corn that DIDN'T sprout at the conventions: H. L. Motsinger of Great Springs sends us this kernel: -- PRISON GUARD-- "Sir, I want to report that 10 prisoners have just broken out."

WARDEN-- "Sound the alarm, blow the whistle, issue the machine guns, broadcast a warning!"

PRISON GUARD-- "Let me call a Doctor first; I think it's measles."

Also from Mr. Motsinger comes the following: "A man spends most of his time searching for a match, & a woman spends hers clutching at a sliding shoulder strap." (ED -- I can't agree, Mr. M. The lady might clutch, but the shoulder strap just ain't there no more.)

# THE JERSEY JINGLE-BEELLES

#172

Vol. 1 ... No. 7     A United Amateur Press  
Association Publication

Sept. 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, N. J.

- EDITORS -  
Beware!  
WE GROW ON PEOPLE

Frances Lois Vaughn  
22 So. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

\* \* \* \* \*

**OFF THE BAT:** Let's talk about amateurs, shall we? This is a much-debated subject, we know, but we were never ones to shy away from such. Right "off the bat" we want to make a statement to the effect that we are inclined to side with the amateurs and don't think much of people who regard amateur writers and printers as something to avoid like a. O. Kiss like silent movie villains, ridicule like Stanley Steamers or fish like gay-ninety bathing suits. We go thru hell-fire and high-water to get out this paper, as do many other fellow eds., and then realize that the result is strictly amateur stuff. But someday, due to what we're learning the hard way, we'll graduate. We've come to that state with our writing. Now, it's sell stuff. But we didn't do it overnight. We were amateurs first, and we were humble, hopeful, sensitive, hard-working amateurs, like the ones this UAPA was organized for. Yes, we have AMATEUR in our name--and for a purpose! Let's not get snobbish. If we are lucky enough to climb up a few steps a little faster than the guys around us. And amateurs let's give of our best and not just offer any old thing for printing. Above all, let's be sincere, true FRIENDS!

\* \* \* \* \*

**OFF THE CHEST** by General Gripe (K.)

CHATTER -- Thomas Vaughn

Chatter, chatter, chatter, wherever  
you are,  
uptown, downtown, at home or the bar/  
Here the very fairest ones, wine,  
gossip, smoke,  
Here are the most-endowed ones,  
doesn't it provoke?

\*\*\*

EPITAPH -- Ed. Campbell

Although you reap my toil of years,  
You weep, and I know how you feel--  
Those hidden debts may change your  
tears,  
Dear wife, from crocodile to real.

**REMEMBER POETRY DAY** -- October 15th  
Do what you can to make it known!

\* \* \* \* \*

**OFF THE COB** by Kernel Korn (F.)  
This is real Indiana corn, so  
don't waste a kernel . . . . .

- SIMPLE SADIE -

Sadie bought an evening gown  
She hoped to wear to dances,  
But it wasn't large enough  
To cover her expanses.

-- Marie Hand

Thomas Vaughan from Washington  
says: "I like silk hosiery;  
It is so expository."

Corn is a-gittin' scarce, so I'll  
have to use the Jersey variety:

--DARKIE'S PRAYER--

Effen I die befo' I wake ...  
Clap on mah wig, fo' habbin' sake.  
Clamp on mah leg, put de teff in  
mah mouth,  
Assemble mah parts fo' de long  
trip south! --Kathy



# THE JERSEY JINGLE-BELLES

Vol 1 ... No. 8

A United Amateur Press  
Association Publication

October & November--1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, N. J.

- EDITORS -  
Beware!  
WE GROW ON PEOPLE

Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 S. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

\*\*\*\*\*

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OFF THE BAT: We're sorry to say that we are being criticized for using contributions from the same poets more than we should; especially in the "Corn" and "Gripes" depts. But, do you want to know why? It is simply because very, very few people send us any of this material, so naturally we use what we have. And if they are good enough to send us material, we don't see why we can't publish it. If any of you want to have your corn shelled and your gripes aired, all you have to do is mail some to Millville. We'll be there to meet the freight and haul it home. And just for the record, we have used twenty-seven (count 'em) contributors' work in our eight issues of J. J. B. And we think that is fine. How many of you can say as much? We have been asking for "corn", "gripes", "remembrance poems", State poems, luv problems, and silly signs; also names to be Horror-scoped as Smokey says. You can let up now on the state poems for a little while. We have had a fine response in that department. And go easy on the miscellaneous poems, because we cannot use too many of those. But as for the others, send 'em by air mail, pony express, covered wagon, mule back, etc. but SEND 'EM!

\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE CHEST By General Gripe (Kathy)

-- THERE'S A LIMIT --

I like potatoes either mashed or fried.  
Most any way is good enough for me,  
Spaghetti with tomato sauce or cheese;  
Baked beans with coffee or a cup of tea.  
No difference if the steak is rare or  
done,

And bread--well, give me either white  
or brown;

Dessert, pie, cake--it makes no difference  
which,

But PLEASE, don't serve my pancakes  
upside down.

-- Adrian L. Johnston

\*\*\*\*\*

Seeing mosquitoes in October  
Makes me wonder if I'm sober. Kathy

\*\*\*\*\*

How about making the life of our beloved  
Bill Ellis a bit brighter now by sending  
him an order for PHILOSOPHIC PHANTASIES,  
his new book of original poems? \$1.35.  
TRUDA MCCOY OFFERS a fine poetry booklet  
TILL THE FROST--only .50 at Pikeville, Ky.

\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE CCB By Kernel Korn (Fran)

Belle Moo-coo-coo-coo says that J.J.B. has  
a corn-or on corn. (Some of hers--O.K. Belle?)

-- WOOL GATHERING --

Threads made from milk, they tell us now,  
Are better than wool, and cheap.  
But I shall never tell the cow--  
'Twould make her feel so sheep!

--Belle Mooney

-- BARNYARD DISCIPLINE --

The baby ducks splash merrily  
Where the summer shower washes on  
The pebbles; and old hens scold fearfully  
Because they haven't their galoshes on!

--Belle Mooney

\*\*\*\*\*

-- VEST POCKET WISDOM --

To get your troubles off your chest,  
Just remove your coat and vest. Fran

\*\*\*\*\*

POETRY DAY (Oct. 15) got celebrated in  
our town --- How about yours? It took  
a lot of letter writing but we got  
responses. People really like poetry!

PN 4827 # 174

# HANDY CHRISTMAS ORDER FORM

-----

Rfd. 1, Box 43,  
Poynette, Wisconsin

I am very happy to have the privilege of writing this letter to you and mailing a copy of the "Joy Bearer" magazine which I trust you will enjoy.

I am a wheel-chair shut-in and I edit the "Joy Bearer" with the aim of helping the needy shut-in as well as myself. I am aiming at two goals. One is to publish a magazine that you will enjoy reading regardless of your rank in life, be it spent in office, farm or city home or if you are spending the months in bed, wheel-chair or on crutches. The other goal is to aid the needy as much as possible. You are welcome as a silent reader or as one who enjoys writing to shut-ins. Either way your subscription helps crippled folks all over the United States, and it helps me to earn a living too.

-----

### ORDER BLANK

Dear Joy Bearer: I am enclosing \$----- for the Joy Bearer for one year ( ) two years ( ) check the time of subscription.

Or for greeting cards ( ) quantity ( ) or for salt and pepper shaker sets ( ) check quantity ( ).

Name -----  
Address -----  
City -----  
State -----

We have bought wheel-chairs for several folks and each month is advertised the work of those in need. You are invited to look over the advertising pages, and if you find anything you need listed I am sure you will find that crippled boy or girl a fine person to deal with.

If you would like a reference you may write to our Poynette Postmaster or the Bank of Poynette, as I am well known here in Poynette.

If you do not care to read you might be interested in knowing that I sell greeting cards of all type to help out. These are sold \$1.00 a box postage extra or two for \$2.00 postpaid, and I also sell novelty salt and pepper sets, price 50 cents each postage 10c or two sets for \$1.00 postpaid. All orders given prompt attention and all orders small or large are greatly appreciated.

Your shut-in friend & editor,  
Florence L. Schofield



## KITTEN eight

### *Babcock Moves*

#### **Leading Ajays Stunned**

NO LONGER NEXT DOOR TO CRANE

BAD BLOW TO THE N. A. P. A.

Tracked down by the *Kitten's* ace reporter and several others, Alf Babcock admitted IT:

"Yes, I've moved," he said (looking into a mirror) "I'm no longer at 1250 Waverly Pl."

#### **CONSIDERABLE MOURNING**

*Leaders of the NAPA wept copiously.*

"Alas, 'tis too bad," sobbed Prexy P.

"And with Kat 25 undone," sobbed Edit. H.

"I'm speechless with grief," sobbed Wma.

#### **TWO RAYS OF SUNSHINE**

But among the gang, damp with tears and downcast with sorrow, were two gleeful grinners.

"Thank heaven he's gone!" quoth one. "Now maybe I can print another *Wild Boar*—after

## Kitten No. Seven.

### Vote to Adopt Cole's Proposed Constitution

You'll find the proposed Constitution, drawn up by Edward Cole and printed by Vincent Haggerty and Burton Crane (with an essential bit of assistance from George Andersen) in the March *Personnel Amateur*.

Read it and start planning to vote for it right now. Maybe there are a few minor points that you do not like. What of it? No constitution could please everyone. This constitution is not a single viewpoint job. Author Cole labored mightily, and incorporated the suggestions of many leading members. I see no good reason for not adopting it *in toto*—and *per se* cue.

A vote for the Cole constitution is a vote for real progress. But if you don't like it, tell us why. Let us have your objections now, so we can consider them fully and fairly. Maybe I have overlooked something in the half dozen times that I have studied it.

# KITTEN

Number 3

Greetings, folks, and meet the *Kitty Kat Press*.

At last it is all settled. I am keeping this face of type, twelve point Nicholas Cochin. (Yes, even my wife likes it! That is really sumpin!)

During the second week of November I handled and wrapped more type than I ever expected that I would touch in a similar period.

Yes, this is the third *Kitten* but don't worry about the first two. They dealt solely with the sale of some of my brother Ralph's type — don't be scared — he did not sell his newest series — but since Frank Roe Batchelder and another chap bought most of the type that we wanted to sell, there is no use in advertising FRB's new type. We do have some Greek, to wit:

ΔΘΓΣΥΦΛΣΓΠΔΞΥΔΘΣΛΣΞ  
ΩΨΥΣΨΠΨΥΣΨΥΨΨΦΨΨ

There are a lot more of the same. Any offers?

# --- THE JERSEY JINGLE - PFLIPS ---

## - C I T Y -

Self-stirred, sweet-spruced and Spring-seasoned by the authors, who want you, the readers, to select, sample and savor (we hope!)

## I SHALL REMEMBER

I shall remember, now that love is ended,  
The warm red glow that colored glow that colored ----  
(Sorry, Irma--forget that we're hearing too much about love <sup>choosing a mate</sup> now,  
but it's still spring, you know, and in the spring a----SCRRRY!)  
But how about some funny rhyme on LOVE?

Here's one by Kathy who gives her views on ----

### - GOD'S GIFT TO WOMEN -

Take care, my young maidens, when  
Confuse not the <sup>choosing a mate</sup> white with the chaff  
A man who plucks lightly each  
feminine bud,  
May fling it aside with a laugh.

Beware of the man bold of eye and

With the devilish, swash-buckling

And the harlequin lover with flowery

Who slyly calls every maid fair.

For God's gift to women, of course,

is a man,

A possible partner for life,

So hunt till you find one contented

to love

Not each pretty face--but his wife!

One faithful, not fickle, in triumph

or loss,

A rock, not a transparent bubble;

With ears for your laughter, but

also with hands

To cling to your own when in trouble.

With broad, willing shoulders--your

tower of strength,

To cry on, to carry tough packs;

Who longs to sink roots in a home,

all of which

the gay, young lethargic lacks.

Remember that glittering wrappings

may hide

A peach, a tomato, or lemon;

So break a few seals, peck in before

Accepting this "God's Gift to Women"

### - EXCRETION -

I find that I'm allergic  
To most anything that's green.

A spinach leaf  
Just brings me grief;

Or even a pea or bean,  
A green pine growing in the

forest  
Makes my liver quaver.

I never pass ----  
The bright green grass

Without a stomach ache.

I cannot wear an emerald pin,  
Or don a chartruese dress;

The sight of jade  
Or cool limeade

Will cause me deep distress.

So ...this will seem a trifle  
strange;

It's really very funny---  
Can't get enough

Of that green stuff---  
That bright green stuff called

MONEY!

--F.L.V.

### --HATE-LESS TUESDAY--

Lena labored o'er the budget,--  
And her face was sad with woe.

"Jim; no matter how I figure,  
One of us will have to go."

(From CHICAGO TRIBUNE) --F.L.V.

GIGANTIC! -o-o- FABULOUS;

-- BARGAINS --

"IN WINGED SANDALS" \$1.00 to

NAPA members. Order back soon.

## -- J E R S E Y J I N G L E S --

## -- I GOT MY COAT OF TAN --

Now my seige of illness left me  
Looking paler than a ghost;  
All my pals were brown as berries,  
And you oughta heard 'em boast;  
"Try the beach," these Wargans teased  
"Go get yourself a coat of tan;  
Then your blue skin turns to golden,  
Then you'll look more like a man."

It was true--I was transparent,  
Life-long cronies scarcely knew me;  
Why, when I'd a block people's view,  
They would just look right on thru me.  
So into my bathing trunks, I dragged  
My meagre skin and bones,  
And the sun blazed down, ignoring  
All my helpless shrieks and groans.

All that afternoon I lay there--  
On the beach I writhed and turned,  
While that sun, in blistering fury,  
Scorched and toasted, broiled and  
burned.

I was redder than a lobster,  
(Well, at least, I wasn't white!)  
But, oh brother, did I suffer ...  
Didn't sleep a wink that night!

Days of agony then followed,  
Epidermis, set me free!  
And you bronzed and comfy brothers,  
Why aim all your jokes at me?  
Oh, my skin, like birch bark peeling  
Redder ... redder .. redder, REDDER!  
When it came to getting sunburned,  
I sure picked a double-header.

Came the day my pain departed,  
Cried my pals, "Behold the man!"  
Yes sir-ee, I'd gone and done it--  
I'd acquired my coat of tan;  
But next time when I want sun-tan,  
I will either take my time,  
Or else purchase it in bottles  
At the trusty Five-And-Dime.

Written, but not experienced, by  
M. Kathleen Haley

\* \* \* \* \*

## -- V A C A T I O N T I M E --

Ah, now 'tis sweet vacation time--  
The curse-of-a-civilized-nation  
time,  
The hurry-and-off-to-the-station  
time,  
And the heart is free and cheery.

Heigh Ho! for the open road and a  
map;  
Or a hammock swung for a cozy nap,  
Or down to the sea where the cool  
waves lap,  
And you call the whole world  
"Dearie",

It's home from the beach with a  
sun-burned back,  
Or home from the hike with a  
heavy pack,  
Or back from the woods with  
poison sumac;  
And the feet are sore and weary.

You try to sleep, but your poor  
head thumps;  
The bed is concrete and full of  
lumps.

Mosquito bites raise dime-size bumps.  
And the night is dark and dreary.

At last vacation time is thru'  
Your money is spent and so are you,  
But the blue skies never looked  
more blue,  
And the world is bright and cheery.

It's home to the desk, the shop and  
the mill;  
Back to the broom, the range and  
the grill,  
To the creditors ... and the monthly  
bill ...  
Oh, there ain't NO place for the  
weary!

--Frances Lois Vaughn  
FRAN SAYS: "I spend my mornings  
awaitin' for the daily M.A.L.E.

(NO KIDDIN')

\* \* \* \* \*

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#180

VOL. 1,

NO. 5

SEPTEMBER, 1898.

# THE JOURNALIST

"An Amateur Monthly devoted to Amateur  
Journalism and Clubdom."

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H. M. KONWISER, EDITOR,

+++++

SUBSCRIPTION PRICE 20 CENTS  
\*PER YEAR\*

+++++

Published by

The Journalist Publishing Co.,

JOHN MILLER, MANAGER,

9 SOUTH THIRD ST.

Fort Atkinson, Wis.

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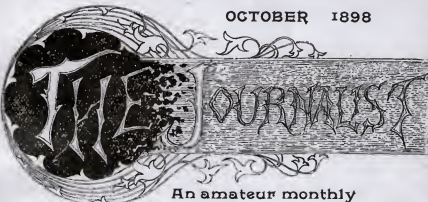
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VOL. I

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OCTOBER 1898



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H. M. KONWISER, EDITOR

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9 SOUTH THIRD STREET

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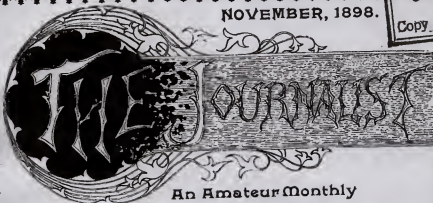
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MERRY  
CHRISTMAS.

# THE JOURNALIST.

VOL. 1

NO. 8

DECEMBER, 1898

H. M. KONWISER, EDITOR.

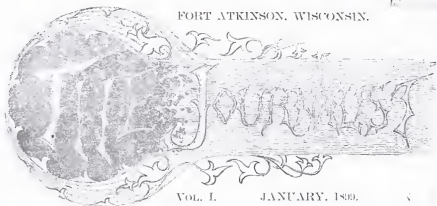
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9 SOUTH THIRD ST. FORT ATKINSON, WIS

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.



## TWO IN A BOAT.

BY JAMES H. CHASE.

How it happened that Mrs. Johnson let Rosie go alone with Tom Payson to Foster's Grove on that Methodist Church picnic, I cannot for the life of me explain. Tom himself was mildly astonished, for during the two months that he had been paying his attentions to Rosie, Mrs. Johnson had guarded her daughter with jealous eye. When, the night before the picnic, Rosie told Tom that her mother did not think she would go with them, Tom remarked in an unmistakable tone of delight that it was too bad; and he might have winked at Rosie when he said it, only he did not know now she would take such a display of levity. Even when you know for a certainty that a girl loves you, it doesn't always do to be witty at the expense of her mother.

Tom could have hugged himself for joy when he realized that there would be no third person to spoil his pleasures, and that he should not have to content himself with dashing love glances at Rosie. That had become

monotonous. Tom saw great possibilities ahead, which Mrs. Johnson, with all her wisdom and experience, had obviously overlooked. Perhaps Mrs. Johnson thought that the older people of the party would serve as a check to youthful love-making; but she ought to have known better, especially when there was a great big lake, and boats to let, and the older people were mostly women who didn't know how row.

At any rate here they were—Tom and Rosie—out on the lake, far away from the grove, with no one to disturb them. Of course, there were the Fisher girls out in a boat, too, and some others were rowing along close to the shore; but the lake was large.

Rosie had asked Tom to let her row. She confessed that she didn't know how, but Tom told her he would teach her to row one oar if she would come and sit on the seat with him.

"That isn't the way to sit, is it?" asked Rosie. "Besides, it wouldn't look well."

"Never mind the looks," said Tom. "I can't teach you if you don't come. What do you care for those little Fisher girls?"

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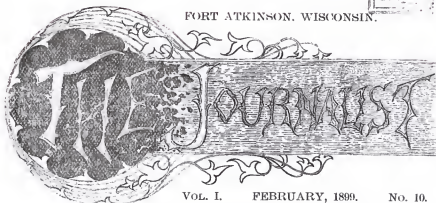
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FORWARD



FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.



VOL. I. FEBRUARY, 1899. No. 10.

# WILLIAM.

BY EUGENE HERBERT MACLEAN.

"WILLIAM, be was one of these here fellers what wasn't lackin' none in nerve. Only trouble with William was, he liked love stories. Now a feller kin read love stories an' such, an' yet not read 'em all the time, but William, he did," said Sam Hocks, to me.

"Well, he fell in love with Billy Hawkins', darter, Sue. Harry Brunk, he did too, but not no worse 'n William did.

"Sue, she was one of these here gals what don't never sit quiet-like, but's all time bouncin' around, and singin', and such. But law, she was as good a gall as ever breathe'd. She liked both the fellers, but kinder leaned towards Harry, someway er other. Still, she liked William.

"Well, William, he'd write poetry, an' such, an' send to her, an' Harry, he'd send rings an' such, turn an' turn about. They kep' it up about a year.

"Fin'ly William, he got tired of it, an' got ready to pupose to Sue. So he writes a long piece of poetry, some-

thin' about her shinin' eyes an' sun-bunt hair, meanin' red, an' takes it over to read to her.

"Harry, someway, got tired of foolin' round too, an' went over same night.

"Harry an' William, they used to be good frien's, but weren't no more, an' didn't speak, which, considin', wasn't neighborly-like.

"But anyway, William, he got there first, an' was areadin' of his poetry, when Harry come in, with a pair o' new boots on, which squeaked-like. Harry, he sat down, takin' the rockin' chair, William bein' on the sofy with Sue.

"Bein' interrupted by various reasons, I will hereby stop readin' this here poetry which I have wrote," says William.

"Harry not sayin' nothin', Sue says, it is a fine evenin'.

"Brunk, he says it was a fine evenin', an' looked like snow. So, gettin' interested like, he goes on to say, it'll be a cold winter, an' rabbit huntin''ll be good.

"Then William, he jumps up an' says: "Not wishin' to interrupt your high-flowin' conversatio all hereby

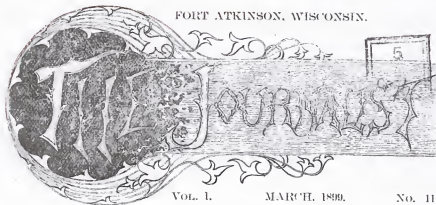
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AUG 15 1962

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.



## THE ROBIN.

"Cheer up, cheer up, cheery, cheery,"

So you sing from break of day,  
Bringing comfort to the weary.

Like a sunbeam's hidden ray,  
As it enters through the shutter  
Of a soul tired of the fray.

These the joyous notes you utter

When brightly shines the sun in May

This the song you sing in summer

When the earth is clothed gay.

These thy words, O, joyous murmur

When winter cold is on the way.

W. R. MURPHY.

## THE CHICKADEE.

BY W. R. MURPHY.

The chickadee is pre-eminent and above all others, the bird of winter. Other birds we have in cold weather, but none of them possess the winter briskness and sprightly cheerfulness that characterizes the titmouse, (which is but another name for our merry friend.)

In summer with the fickleness of human nature we desert him for other more pretentious birds, but when the earth is mantled with snow, and the winds whistle through the icy tree boughs we lay revered homage at his feet.

To watch his merry antics is well worth the trouble of walking to his haunts. In and out he flits among the branches; wings, legs, eyes, twinkling in the air, all the time voicing his cheery notes of, "Chickadee-dee,

chickadee-dee," his pranks lightening our hearts till they are as healthy as our cheeks, reddened by the winter winds. If the day is bright and sunshiny the chickadee is sure to be about and even on cold dismal days he makes his presence known in such a cheerful voice that one is ashamed to growl at the weather.

The chickadee has many quaint ways which endear him to bird lovers. His most lovable trait is his confidence in man. Emerson tells how he

"Flew near, with soft wing grazed my hand,

Hopped on the hough, then darting low,

Prints his small impress on the snow. Shows feats of his gymnastic play,

Head downward, clinging to the spray."

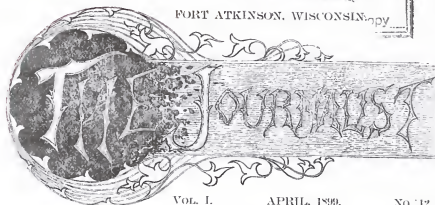
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BOOKS BY ANDREW

5

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN



VOL. I.

APRIL, 1899.

NO. 12.

## TO WINTER.

We're glad to see you, winter glad Good by, old winter glad to see you  
you've come! go,  
We like you for you're gay and frolic- With your cold, icy forehead, and  
some! blinding snow.  
We like you for that cheery, bluster- You've been, you've gone, and we can  
ing way - truly say:  
You're welcome, winter - hope you've "Good by, old winter - glad you didn't  
come to stay. stay." DWIGHT ANDERSON.

(This Story Began in No. 10.)

## THREE KNIGHTS-ERRANT.

BY GEORGE W. DYSS.

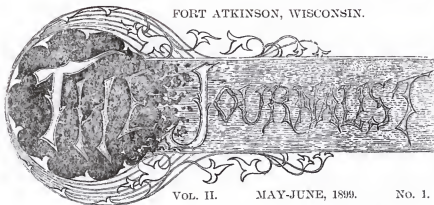
"**T**HEN you've changed color. swearin', tobacco chewin', and all."  
Quid, sure."

"Yes sure, and why? Just because never turned round and gone the  
folks wouldn't understand me, or try other way."

"Yes sure, and why? 'Ooz, when you start down pell-mell, you can't  
to. Say this cheap is fourteen. At stop. I chased no more butter-flies,  
his age I knew every kink, tree, root, leaf, flower, bug, bee and bird for but just hung out at a grog shop, got  
miles around. The woods were my school room, and I had my object, but roped in by some birds that wanted a  
the folks would not hear my bug talk, cat's paw, an' in doin' their jobs I got  
an' first I knew I was pulled for hook- nabbed an' sent up for ten years, so  
ing Jack, an' got one year in a Re- that what I be today, is what that  
form School. Reform nothing! Why, Reform School made me."

"Well, Quid, don't be squeamish  
Nibbs, that name's a mockery! I and kick! Like me, you didn't have  
I have met some bad men, but it's will power enough to resist, that's all.  
clothes pins to bean poles compared Them goodey, goodey boys is the  
to the boys at that. I went in a good bad, but come out the worst of the lot. right stuff after all. for it's a blamed

FORT ATKINSON, WISCONSIN.



VOL. II.

MAY-JUNE, 1899.

No. 1.

*Home.*

Home's golden circlet far away  
 Across the billow waits us,  
 Thrice happy we who know no day  
 When fate from home belates us.  
 WILLIS EDWIN HURD.

**His Mistake.**

BY HAL MYERS.

**I**T was at the grand annual Ball of "The Jolly Devil's" Social Club that Joe Jarvis met Kitty Duryees and the moment he was introduced to her marked the turning point of his life.

Where Joe came from not one of his associates could tell; he just dropped in among them and they then and there unanimously voted him a "hail fellow well met."

Now the "Jolly Devil" was not one of New York's select clubs by any manner of means; dress suits were an unknown quantity among its members and Joe wondered why pretty and refined Miss Duryees was present on that evening, but she explained, saying, she did not know the class of people that were going to be there, and had only come at a friend's earnest solicitation. This explanation was sufficient for Joe.

On that night he turned over a new leaf.

This familiar phrase may look commonplace enough in print, but to Joe Jarvis, it meant a great deal. From a wild, harum-scarum, devil-may-care sort of a chap, he turned into what his former cronies called "a model young man." He had slowed up from "the pace that kills" and was now walking through life with a more dignified as well as safer stride; his old haunts, (pool rooms, low saloons, cheap balls, etc.) were conspicuous by his absence, for although Joe freely mixed with frequenters of this class of entertainments, there was world of difference between them. Joe was good looking, well educated, and possessed the knack, if it could be called such, of looking well in everything he wore, and he was the heart and life of any affair he attended. But he was changed now, and Mrs. Casey (the lady with whom he boarded) was very much surprised one Sunday morning when Joe coolly informed her that he was going to church.

This much one sweet faced girl accomplished towards making a better man of him. Not that she had told him he was doing wrong. Joe had seen that all along, but since meeting and losing his heart to Kitty, he began to realize that it was a terrible

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SATURDAY, APR. 17.

PAGE 1.

## PRESBYTERIAN CHURCH BEING REDECORATED.

The auditorium of the local Presbyterian Church is being redecorated. The walls are in light green and the pews and pulpit furniture in white.

Church services will be held Sunday morning at 11:00 in the Ladies' Parlor.

## ANNOUNCE BIRTH.

Mr. and Mrs. Harvey Williford of Smithfield announce the birth of a daughter, Lois Ann on April 14 in the Johnston County Hospital. Mrs. Williford is the former Miss Emily Jones of Warsaw.

## ENTERTAINS CLUB.

Mrs. John Peirce entertained her bridge club Tuesday afternoon with three tables in play.

Mrs. R. H. Best, Jr., and Mrs. P. S. Berry received defense stamps for high and low scores respectively. Chicken salad was served.

## SENIORS ENTERTAINED.

Mrs. H. C. McCullen and Mrs. John Shine, mothers of the mascots entertained the Senior class of the high school with a tacky party at the Legion hut Thursday night.

Bingo and square dancing was enjoyed. Dukie Matthis and Edna Mercer received prizes for the tackiest boy and girl.

## U. D. C. MEETS.

The U. D. C. met Thursday afternoon at the home of Mrs. C. B. Best with Mrs. Best, Mrs. Daisie Jordan, Mrs. C. F. Carroll and Mrs. J. C. Prock hostesses.

Mrs. Henry Stevens, Jr., president presided. After a business session Mrs. C. A. Womack read a paper on the Thomas Jefferson Memorial and Mrs. R. D. Johnson presented a paper on Jefferson's 200th birthday.

Mrs. Stevens presented a historical quiz. The hostesses served sandwiches, pecan rolls, pickles, and coffee.

GRADUATION EXERCISES ANNOUNCED;  
SENIORS SELECT SUPERLATIVES.

The following dates have been announced for graduation exercises: Baccalaureate Sermon; Sunday, Apr., 25, 8:00; Speaker, Rev. J. Furman Herbert, pastor Grace Methodist Church, Wilmington; Class night, Apr. 27, High School Auditorium, 8:00; Graduation exercises, April 29, 8:30; Speaker, H. M. Roland, Supt. of New Hanover County Schools and Wilmington City schools.

Superlatives have been selected as follows: Best all round boy and girl, Margaret Peirce, G. E. Frederick; Most studious boy and girl, Martha Jean Surratt, G. E. Frederick; Best looking boy and girl, Margaret Peirce, Melvin Herring; Wittiest, Fannie Thomas, John Bennett West; Neatest, Hazel Strickland, Dukie Matthis; Most Athletic, Martha Jones, Andrew McGowan; CONT. ON THIRD PAGE.

## THE JERSEY JINGLE-BELLES

Volume I ... No. I

A United Amateur  
Press Association Publication

February 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave  
Millville, N. J.EDITORS  
Beward!  
We grow on peopleFrances Lois Vaughn  
322 S. Second St.,  
Millville, N. J.

## -- INTRODUCING THE EDITORS

Frances Lois Vaughn: I was born, first of all .... and expects to die, last of all. And in between the two, I intend to do a lot of living, I am the dark one of the dup (but not the black sheep), have brown hair (not darkened), brown eyes (not blackened) and a deep, dark, mysterious past which has been going on now for a number of years, the exact number known only to God and the Insurance man. People usually like me a lot or hate me a lot. Which will it be? Don't stay on the fence.

M. Kathleen Haley: I, too, was born; but unlike Fran, I'M NOT EXPECTIN' (to die, of course). Like Tennyson's brook, I'm going on forever. I am the pale-face of the duo .... light haired (but not light-headed), blue eyes (any old time, whether I'm blue or not), and a gay, frpthy past which has been skipping along now for a number of years, the exact number known only to God. I won't even tell the Insurance man. And I reckon even God must be bewildered by now. EVERYBODY loves me!

-- HALEY'S KOMET TALES --  
"I Planet -- U. Diggitt"

The placement of the planets at your individual birthtime endows you with certain personality traits, making you "YOU". Wait until I get into my turban and I will tell you what the stars have to say about our President Bill Ellis, resurrected from 'way back in August 31, 1901.

SUN IN VIRGO: Good organizer, capable critic, loyal and trustworthy. (Looks like good presidential stuff.) Combines brains with brawn. (Brawn?)

MOON IN PISCES: Bill's best work (?) is done in quiet places. Extremely sensitive guy. Can't abide anything trite, harsh or commonplace.

MERCURY IN VIRGO: Analyzes for the sake of bettering people or things. Fruitful and versatile. Works out own destiny (my dept.) at will. (Watta guy, gals, Line up!)

VENUS IN LIBRA: Wedded to his art. (Poor Mrs. Ellis!) Appreciates beauty above everything. Rich love nature. Sympathetic.

MARS IN LIBRA: Denotes generosity, honor and integrity. These here stars say Bill can take care of himself. Also that he would make a swell teacher or critic! Harmony is a MUST with our "Buckeye Bill".

JUPITER IN CAPRICORN: Gifted with popularity. This boy should not push himself too far without taking rest periods in-between. Loves to travel. Conscientious.

SATURN IN CAPRICORN: Refined nature. (So's sugar.) Plans in advance. Intuitive and often foresees obstacles ahead of time.

Bored by idleness and must keep busy, giving others the impression of great dynamic strength. Big sense of humor. Ha-Ha!

URANUS IN CANCER: Easy-going, adaptable and artistic. Bill's interesting personality wins fame and favors. Envy, distrust, and criticism upset this sensitive lad. Great heart, so treat it gently.



## J --- THE JERSEY JINGLE - BELLES --- #171

Volume 1 ... No. 1

A United Amateur  
Press Association Publication

February 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, N. J.-- EDITORS --  
Beware!  
We grow on people.Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 S. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

**OFF THE BAT:** Right off the bat, we want to express our delight in joining "THE BUNDLE FRATERNITY". We welcome all comments, good and bad, on the CONTENTS of this paper. But--as this is Valentine month, please have a HEART and refrain from mentioning anything about the mimeograph work. Alas, we are infants in this business; so give us a chance to grow before you pin our ears back. PL-1-cccc--

## -- INTRODUCING THE EDITORS --

**Frances Lois Vaughn:** I was born, first of all ... and expect to die; last of all. And in between the two, I intend to do a lot of living. I am the dark one of the duo (but not the black sheep) have brown hair (not darkened), brown eyes (not blackened) and a deep, dark, mysterious past which has been going on now for a number of years, the exact number known only to God and the Insurance man. People usually like me a lot or hate me a lot. Which will you be? Don't stay on the fence!

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"I. Planet -- U. Diggitt"

The placement of the planets at your individual birthtime endows you with certain personality traits, making you "YOU". Wait until I get into my turban and I'll tell you what the stars have to say about our Tros. Bill Ellis, resurrected from 'way back in August 31, 1901.

## -- OFF THE COB by Kernel Kern --

This column will be reserved for all kinds of corn, beginning with the South Jersey variety. Send in your kernels and I will pop them for you.

## -- A GRIN FOR THE SKIN --

Said the teacher to small Johnny,  
"Name the uses of cow-hide."  
Said small Johnny to the teacher,  
"It's to keep the cow inside."

-- F.L.V. --

To borrow from my old pal,  
Oliver Wendall Holmes ... He once said, "Life is a great bundle of little things." Could he have known about the U.A.P.A. when he said those words. It fits!

## -- OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe

The place where we can air our views and you can air your...

**SUN IN VIRGO:** Good organizer, capable critic, loyal and trustworthy. (Looks like good presidential stuff.) Combines brains with brawn. (Brawn?)

**MOON IN PISCES:** Bill's best work (?) is done in quiet places. Extremely sensitive guy. Can't abide anything trite, harsh or commonplace.

**MERCURY IN VIRGO:** Analyzes for the sake of bettering people or things. Fearful and versatile mind. Works out own destiny (my dept.) at will. (Watta guy, gals. Line up!)

cont'd on next page, same column!

## THE JELLY JINGLE-BELLES

Vol. 1 ... No. 3

A United Amateur Press  
Association Publication

May 1952

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, N. J.- EDITORS -  
Ewars!  
WE GROW ON PEOPLEFrances Lois Vaughn  
322 So. Second St.  
Millville, N. J.

\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE BAT: If there's anything that sets these bells to ringing, it's the merry notes of encouragement and praise coming our way, concerning this paper. Truthfully, these fan notes from you readers make us willing to go on making little sacrifices that will enable us to bring out another issue of J. J. B. So we'll be right on picking our hubby's pockets, wearing nylons with runners if necessary; by passing the tempting odors that used to lure us into bakeries, along with cashing in milk and soda bottles, peddling our wares, etc. just because it means another ream of paper and one more can of duplicator ink. But if any of you have any bottles to cash in, or if you need anything we sell, we'd appreciate you using the spare change for just a postal or stamp to include if your mail needs answering. And whatever you write WILL BE ANSWERED, by hook or by crook. SO KEEP WRITING!

\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE CHEST by GENERAL GRIPE  
(M.K.H. Editor)OFF THE COB By KERNEL KORN  
(F.L.V. Editor)

DISFIGURED FIGURE by F. L. V.

Now that I am growing old  
And paunchy thru the middle,  
I am a piccolo no more;  
I'm just an old bass fiddle.

\*\*\*\*\*

WANTED POSITION IN OFFICE (Adv.)

I am a young man 78 years of age and have recently graduated from high school. I understand bookkeeping, cost accounting--advertising, short-hand, typing, and can translate French and Spanish into English. I have excellent habits and my friends tell me that I don't know the joy of living. I feel now that I ought not "sponge" any longer on my parents. I would also like to buy my grandfather some infantile playthings. Address C. J. Elets, 24 Revere Avenue, West Lynn, Mass.

To all you hens and you roosters  
enjoy my corn? Then send more.  
Don't know if this is my brain  
child ... or a straw I picked up  
-some-where. Think it's mine!

ADVICE: If you want to catch a  
man, girls, don't let your slip  
show ... or your brains! I know  
THIS bright thought is mine:---  
Many a tiny brain-rattles around  
in a swelled head. F.L.V.

From a NEW member who is a gay,  
OLD (?) boy ... and very clever!

- ANYBODY'S OLD MAN -

I am neither flush with money--  
Nor greatly overstocked with brain  
Just enough of each --- how funny--  
To buy and play with Junior's train!  
By Edgar C. Campbell  
328 Marv St., Utica, New York.



## THE JERSEY JINGLE-BELLES

Vol. 2 ... No. 1

A UAPA PUBLICATION

May--1953

M. Kathleen Haley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, New Jersey

-EDITORS-  
Pearl R. Thomas  
333 West Main St.  
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Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 So. Second St.  
Millville, New Jersey

"BEWARE! WE GROW ON PEOPLE!"

\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE BAT: From now on, this feature will be signed by the Editor who writes it. We have tried before to write something we ALL agree on, but it's not always possible, human nature being what it is. So, if I say anything you don't like, write and tell ME; don't blame Kathy or Pearl. However, this time I "ain't a-gonna growl, nohow"; I'm too happy. Here I was, worried because I thought nobody liked us! My skies were dark and gloomy. Then, all of a sudden Mr. Sun peeked out like he is won't to do, and started a-shinin' all over the place. For all on the same special day, I got five or six letters from other members of the UAPA, along with a coupla cards, sold a pome, and attended my Normal School class re-union. At the banquet, I read those unsuspecting females and their husbands my poem, THE MIDDLE AGE SPREAD, and they howled like hound dogs. I even got a gift for being the only one from our class who had made a contribution to Literature! Literature?? Well, I guess you can stretch the word a point and call it that, maybe. Sorry, I "ain't got nothin' to growl about" now. FRAN.

\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe (Kathy)

Here is a delicious treat straight from  
the skilled hands of one of our members:

I'D LIKE to take rare fruits of earth  
and sky,

And bake a crusty, rich, poetic pie--  
But how, while crusty editors say no--  
How can I bake the pie, without the  
dough?

--EDITH M. ERICSON--

\*~\*~\*~\*

IMPASSE (After Dorothy Parker)

Flappers pain you;  
"Debbies" are tramps;  
Kisses stain you ;  
Notes take stamps ;  
Taxes are awful ;  
Cowards give ;  
Jails are lawful ;  
Why don't they forgive ...?

--THOMAS VAUGHAN--

OFF THE COB by Kernel Korn (Fran)

-KORN POMES-

This is the first korn we have received  
from the Lone Star State, so savor it:

-- MARY HAD'A -- by Mary J. Frame

Mary had a little egg;  
She cooked it in a pan.  
Called it "wild and woolly",  
Because it broke and wauld.

\*~\*~\*~\*

I was sent this noble observation by  
Adrian Johnston, on suicide. 'Twas  
written by the clever Dorothy Parker:

"...and drugs cause cramps;  
Guns aren't lawful,  
Nooses give;  
Gas smells awful .....  
You might as well live!

\*~\*~\*~\*

"MRS. D. A." by Margie Croft

I tip-toed through the haunted house,  
Following footsteps of a mouse.

\*~\*~\*~\*

## THE JERSEY-JINGLE BELLES

Vol. 2 ... No. 5

A UAPA PUBLICATION

NOV. -- DEC. 1953

-EDITORS-

M. Kathleen Halcy  
 300 & Stratton Ave.  
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 Millville, New Jersey

Frances Lois Vaughn  
 322 S. Second Street  
 Millville, New Jersey

BEMARE! WE GROW ON PEOPLE!

- \* - \* - \*

OFF THE BAT: "JINGLE BELLES! JINGLE BELLES! JINGLE ALL THE WAY ... OH, WHAT FUN, IT  
 TO BE A JINGLE BELLE TO-DAY \*\* JING'E BELLES! JINGLE BELLES! JINGLE BELLES ARE WE \*\*  
 JINGLING OUT OUR MERRY TUNES \*\* UPON THE CHRISTMAS TREE ----And The Jersey Jingle Belles  
 wish each and every one of you an extra-special Christmas and a super-duper New Year.  
 And let me point out, in passing, that if you want to have a magic kind of holiday and  
 find the true meaning of the Christmas Spirit, look at it thru the believing eyes of  
 a little child. Did you ever listen to the eager, excited chatter of a little child  
 discoursing on the wonder of Christmas? Remember the unforgettable shine in the young  
 eyes of that little one? And why? Because he still believes. It's a wonderful thing--  
 believing. Without belief, or faith, or hope, whatever we choose to label it, life  
 holds no enchantment, no incentive for going on. 'Bye, for now. See you next year! KATHY.

- \* - \* - \*

OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe--  
 --CHEST NUTS--

---OFF THE COB by Kernal Korn--  
 ---KORN POMES--

BRINGING IN THE BERRIES  
 mer's singing hi-de-ho  
 anding 'neath the mistle-toe;  
 nce the girls must kiss or pay,  
 mer's getting rich, they say.  
 --Kathy--

We had to go off into the stratorphere  
 with Orna for this bit of corn ... sort  
 of heavenly grain, as it were ...

POCKET-SIZE

The critic took off in a rocket,  
 Finding fault with every socket,  
 Till the pilot got mad,  
 And wished that he had  
 Her tongue in his lower left pocket.

--Orna McCormick

From "THE ARCHER"

\* - \* - \*

Back to earth again with "QUESTION"

Our mind, we're told, is very deep.  
 Where do we go when we're asleep?  
 When we awake, we think and we stare  
 About where we went, tho' we were not  
 there.

--WH. F. EVANS--

My son thinks a handicap is a cap you can  
 grab up in a hurry . . . . FRANK.

\* - \* - \* - \*

the guy whom I could slay right on the  
 boique  
 the one who knows all about technique.  
 -- THOMAS VAUGHAN --

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## THE JERSEY JINGLE-BELLES

Vol. 2 ...No. 9

A UAPA PUBLICATION

Aug.-Sept. 1954

## -EDITORS-

M. Kathleen Maley  
3rd & Stratton Ave.  
Millville, New Jersey

Pearl R. Thomas  
333 West Main Street  
Millville, New Jersey

Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 So. Second Street  
Millville, New Jersey

\*\* BEWARE! WE GROW ON PEOPLE! \*\*

\* - \* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE BAT: (From our belfry to yours) Well, folks, don't forget! NATIONAL POETRY DAY, October 15th, will soon be with us again. On that date, try to do some little thing to promote Poetry. If there is a radio station near by, send in a request to have some poems read over the air. Last year the Literature Department of our Millville Woman's Club sponsored a "Poetry Day" program. Highlights of the life of a famous poet were given, his poems read, as well as some written by our own local talent. We hope to do a similar program this year. Get busy, UAPA'ers, and see what you can do about it in your home-town! (PEARLY-BELLE)

\* - \* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE CHEST BY GENERAL GRIPE (Kathy)  
We have a brand-new contributor to our corn crib, a gal who is well-known in the publishing world, having sold over a thousand poems. WELCOME, THELMA! The door mat to this little paper is spread. Wipe your feet and come on in.

--WELL DONE--

A lady I know bore a son,  
Though she had been told she'd have none,

And when he arrived

She quickly connived

For honor and named him Welldon!

--DELICIOUS DISH--

Zolinda was fair as a pearl.  
She married McTavish, a churl.

He could never believe

There was reason to grieve

When sharks had made hash of the girl.

--THELMA ALLINDER, Osceola, Nebraska

\* - \* - \*

Another surprise! ADRIAN JOHNSTON, long  
among the missing, sent me some corn.  
Here's a sample:

--PROPERLY HANDLED--

A UAPA contributor says he likes the  
feel of a polished hickory handle.  
Everybody to his own taste. I don't  
remember much about the feel of a pol-  
ished handle. Dad always used the back  
of the brush. ADRIAN L. JOHNSTON

\* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE COB BY KERNEL KORN (Fran)

Down in Zanesville, Ohio, there's a  
clever lady, name o' WILMA BUSCH. She  
grows corn, but not in the fields. It  
grows in her brain, like mine. See if you  
don't like her brand.

-- SVELTE LINES --

"You'll want a slender dress," I read,  
Well, naturally ... Who doesn't?  
And I saw one reduced last week;  
But the trouble was ... I WASN'T.

--WILMA A. BUSCH

\* - \* - \*

This Jersey corn o' mine might be a little  
indigestible, but try to eat it.

-- SCATTERBRAIN --

He said I was a scatterbrain,  
But shure an' it doesn't matter.  
I think I am a lucky girl,  
To have the brains to scatter!

... FRAN

-- HARRIED HARRY --

Harry wants a girl with brains  
When it's time to marry;  
But a girl with any brains  
Wouldn't marry Harry!

... FRAN

Guess it takes brains to write about  
brains, huh?

## THE JERSEY JINGLE-BELLES

Vol. 2 ... No. 10  
M. Kathleen Halcyon  
3rd & Stratton Aves.  
Millville, N. J.

A UAPA PUBLICATION  
--EDITORS--  
Pearl R. Thomas  
333 W. Main St.  
Millville, N. J.

Oct.-Nov.-Dec.-1954  
Frances Lois Vaughn  
322 S. Second Street  
Millville, N. J.

\* \* \* \* \*

BEMARE! WE GROW ON PEOPLE!

\* \* \* \* \*

OFF THE BAT: It's Christmas again! The time of rejoicing and singing of carols, the time of PEACE ON EARTH AND GOOD WILL TO MEN! Would that this contagious Christmas spirit would last all the year! It's hard to think of war and unrest when the earth is wrapped in an ermine robe of purity, when the stars glisten and twinkle in a blue tulle sky; when the eyes of children anticipating the arrival of Santa Claus glow with a light that vies with the stars; when the package-laden townsfolk smile at everyone they meet, strangers or not. Hear the joyful noise of the church bells tolling a greeting, and list to the thrilling notes of "SILENT NIGHT" as groups of Christmas carollers sing from their hearts! Yes, it's Christmas again. On a night like this long ago, the baby Jesus lay in the manger blissfully asleep, not knowing the joy His coming would mean to this tired old world. "Glory to God in the Highest!" sang the angels on that far-away night. Let us echo that cry--"And on earth, peace, good will to men!" (FRAN)

\* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe (Kathy)

If you'd like to meet the original  
Good Humor Gal, here she is ...  
LIMERICKS by AGATHA G. SOUTHERN, G.H.G.

A youth who was driving too fast,  
Caught these words on a tombstone he  
passed:  
"Drive slow. We can wait."  
It might be your fate  
To be buried by them at the last. A.G.S.

An old lady living in Shuster  
Had a fine pedigreed Rooster.  
He ruled like a lord  
Every hen in the yard,  
And they hatch better chicks than they  
uster.

-- Agatha G. Southern --

\* - \* - \*

And here's another limerick by another  
chuckle-gal introduced last time:

--PSEUDO GRABLE--

I know a young lady named Kable,  
And all the young men are unable  
To resist her sweet lies  
And her come-hither eyes,  
But girls realize she's no Grable.  
-- THELMA ALLINDER --

\* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE COB by Kernel Korn (Fran)

Did you ever hear of Mercedes Mantione?  
Sweetest gal you ever did meet, from  
out Long Island way. Hear ye!  
-- IT HAPPENS EVERY TIME --  
I work and sweat upon my verses--  
Slave with axe and saw.  
At last, perfection--published..CURSES!  
There's another flaw!  
--MERCEDES MANTIONE--

\* - \* - \*

Another fine newer member sends us some  
Kentucky corn, or maybe corn-bread.  
REDRIED'S PROPHECY by KATHERINE M. AMYX  
Small weather caster, you seem to whet  
Your wits, because you call again, again.  
Foretelling strains of "West, wet, wet,"  
Hours before we get the soaking rain!

Back to Millville where we dig up corn  
by the bushel, even if we have to pop it.  
-- NO MORE DISHES --

Henceforth I'll cater

To my husband's wishes,  
And will not insist

On his drying the dishes.

--EVA B. BOMHOFF--

H'mmm, he musta broke one, eh Eva?



## THE JEROME ANGLE - BELLES

Vol. 2 ... No. 7

A UAPA PUBLICATION

Mar., April, May '54

- EDITORS -

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322 So. Second Street  
Millville, New Jersey

\*\*\* BEWARE! WE GROW ON PEOPLE! \*\*\*

\* \* \* --- \* \* \*

OFF THE BAT: Poetry, to me, is the music of the soul, the expressed longings of the heart, the eternal lyrical beat of the innermost being. To write true poetry, one must believe in God, in Love, and in Beauty; and must have communed with Nature in all her varied moods. A poet looks at the stars, he studies the sea; he knows the feel of the rose and the language of birds, the throb and the heartbeat of humanity. He thrills to all these things until they become a part of him. Then he sets words to the music of his soul, and gives his song to the world. The world reads his song, and becomes lovelier, happier, wiser, more tender. It behooves us then, to write our best! FRANK.

\* \* \* --- \* \* \*

OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe (Kathy)

\*\* CHEST NUTS \*\*

Here is a merry, witty bit of verse by one  
of our grand new members--BLANCHE CARTER

-- I Want To Be A Writer --

O, I want to be a writer

And a writer I will be

If it takes me all of Time

And all Eternity!

I want to write of young love

When Springtime is in flower.

I want to write the sweetness

Of one enchanted hour.

I want to write of intrigue

Of spy and counter-spy;

I want to chase them to their lair

And watch them as they die!

I want to have my 'Private Eye'

Go on a merry chase,

I want to be there when he

Finds the clue that solves the case.

Q, I want to be a writer

And a writer I will be

If it takes me all of Time

And all Eternity!

-- Blanche Carter

Harris, Kansas.

OFF THE COB: by Kernal Korn (Fran)

\*\* CORN PONES \*\*

This ear o' corn from ole Virginny has  
just come back to the corn crib. Guess  
he found that J. J. B. has the cheapest  
corn on the market today.

-- COULD IT BE? --

When a "Gutie" cuddles

Amid traffic muddles,

Too closely in the driver's arms,

She's flirting with Flaker,

The town's Undertaker,

Instead of extolling her charms?

-- VIRGIL RITCHIE --

\* - \* - \* - \*

Now, over the hill to Oregon and little  
ol' Adrian. Welcome back, after being  
so busy tryin' to catch you a rich and  
feeble widow . . .

-- THE FEMININE AGE --

'Twas not so very long ago  
We'd write a business letter,  
And start it, "Sir" of "Gentlemen",  
For want of something better.  
But ten to one, these hectic days,  
With all our rush and hey-day,  
If we address him, "My Dear Sir,"  
He's sure to be a lady!

-- ADRIAN L. JOHNSTON

\* - \* - \* - \*

#198

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A  
Joyous Easter

1955



5 - AUG 10  
Copy \_\_\_\_\_ 1955

# The Junior Journalist

"With a Will to Serve Mankind."

Vol. I

Creston, Ia., Aug., 1955

No. 1

## 31 AT COLO. CONVENTION!

### Denver Plans Big Time for All

Thirty-one members attended the 80th annual NAPA Convention in Denver, Colo., July 3, 4, and 5. The 3-day event was staged by the Combine Amateur Press Club under the direction of Elaine Peck.

Activities for the first day included informal reception in the Sky Room of the Security Life Building.

Registration and the first session were held Sunday morning in the green room of the Albany Hotel, the convention headquarters.

The first session started with a speech from Viola Payne who welcomed all delegates followed by the invocation given by Kermit Schuman.

Elaine Peck, chairman of the convention committee extended greetings on behalf of the Combine Amateur Press Club.

Movies of past conventions  
(Continued on Page 4)

### The Schedule

*Saturday* - 7 p. m., an old-fashioned gabfest.

*Sunday* - 9 a. m. registration, and at 10 a. m. first session; bus tour

*Monday* - regular session all day; 7 p. m. banquet

*Tuesday* - last sessions; 7 p. m. 'meller drummer' show

## LAUREATES ARE NAMED

The winners in the 1955 NAPA Laureate contest were named at the annual banquet held in the Mural Room of the hotel Albany July 3.

Winner of the printing and editorial laureates was Sheldon Wesson, Japan. Milton Grady of Des Moines, Ia. received honorable mention.

Alice Todaro's "River Route" captured the fiction laureate and  
(Continued on Page 4)

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# 200

# The Junior Journalist

"With a Will to Serve Mankind."

Vol. I

Creston, Ia., Oct., 1955

No. 2

## CHICAGO HOST TO AMER.!

The annual convention of the American Amateur Press Assoc. was held at the Graemere Hotel in Chicago, Ill., Sept. 2, 3, 4, 5.

The order of business for the convention included the election of officers, and voting on six changes to the constitution.

L. Verle Heljeson, delegate to the 1955 NAPA Convention, was toastmaster at the association's banquet held in Hotel Graemere Wedgwood Room, Sept. 3.

(Continued on Page 4)

## PLANS STARTED FOR '56 NA MEET

Long range plans are now being made for the 1956 NAPA convention in Minneapolis, it was stated recently by Bert Baker, spokesman for the Twin City Press Club.

Baker said that the clubs enthusiasm is running high.

### Vic's Home

Cmdr. Victor Moitoret and family have returned home after being stationed in England for more than two years.

Vic, who publishes *Cemetery Rabbit*, address is 6000 Merchants Rd., S.E. Camy Springs, Maryland.

## DENVER CLUB ELECTS OFFICERS

Officers for the coming year were elected at the Columbine Amateur Press Club's monthly meeting Aug. 16, in Denver.

Officers elected were: president, Pauline (Peter) Kerr; recording sec.-tres., Nettie West; corresponding sec., Elaine Peck; and official editor, Kermit Schuman.

In its business meeting the club pledged it support to Bert Baker of Minneapolis, site of the '56 NAPA convention.



## THE J. R. S. E. Y. J. I. N. G. L. E. - B. E. L. L. E. S.

Vol. 2 ... No. 11

A. U. A. P. PUBLICATION

Jan. \*Feb. 1955

M. Kathleen Wiley  
3rd & Stratton, N.Y.  
Millville, New Jersey

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322 So. Second Street  
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BEWARE!!! WE GROW ON PEOPLE!!!

\* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE BAT: Sitting here, with a couple of rejections in front of me (they do make those slips such pretty colors, don't they) got me to musing upon the many benefits of an amateur association such as our own UAPA. If nothing else, they offer consolation to a would-be writer—a nice, broad, kind shoulder to weep upon when those pesky editors get too hard on us and our beloved brain children. By golly, when we have a group of some four hundred or so readers, who are also would-be writers like ourselves, we don't have to turn on the gas jets or jump into the nearest river when we get discouraged by rejections. Not as long as we keep writing, do our best, and make sure and pay our dues to these angels in disguise—amateur writing groups. So when we feel tempted to drain out the ink in our veins and pump in some average red blood (in other words, give up writing) let's just thank our lucky stars for UAPA and do a little more to show our appreciation. Yes? --KATHY--

\* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE CHEST: by General Gripec (Kathy)

Here's a new-comer to this column:  
Welcome, Alice, and do come again!

POET'S DILEMMA - Alice Julian

When Muse presents me with a lively  
thought,  
To clothe in garments of some silken rhyme,  
I measure, gauge, and weigh it, and I  
ought,

Obese, it may not fit in verse sublime;  
If spindleshanked, why squander ink  
and time?

But Muse, herself, played me a trick  
today:

A puny thought just carried me away!

\* - \* - \*

NATURE LIMERICK—Agatha Fruitcake Southern

Daddy Rabbit said to his son,

"Why so perplexed, my dear one?"

Addition is easy,

Subtraction not quasy.

I found multiplication real fun!

\* - \* - \*

CLARENCE STEELE says: "I hate to have  
anyone leave off the final 'E' in my  
name because I love my ease so much."

OFF THE COB: by Kernal Korn (Fran)

A veritable valentine via the mail!

Here is what Alice Julian has to say  
about us JINGLE BELLES. Sweet music!

If more people like you  
Would grow on more people like me,  
What a happy and nicer  
World this would be!

\* - \* - \*

More corn, but oh! such sweet corn!

VALENTINE GREETINGS

My heart is a-bustin' with love words  
That flutter and fly like the bluebirds.

I love each Jingle Belle;

Yes, each editor, well,

And my heart I'll divide into thirds.

--MARY FRAME, thump! thump!

\* - \* - \*

And now, I wouldn't want to leave Georgie  
out, specially in his month. The long  
line is the title:

WHY DIDN'T HE CHOP DOWN A PERFUMON TREE?

All through February

Whenever I tell a lie,

I think of Georgie

And then can't gorge

My favorite cherry pie! (FRAN)

\* - \* - \* - \*



# TEAN-GLEANS

#203

5-DEC 28  
Copy 1955

## MY BIG BROTHER

This fellow of average height and looks,  
Likes girls less than comic books.  
He studies hard the whole day through,  
And then comes home with "nothin' to do".

He'll curl up in my favorite chair,  
To lose himself in a comic there.  
And after meditating a moment or two,  
He'll start to tell me what to do.

"There's a button off my coat," he'll say,  
"And press my trousers right away.  
I don't see why you girls are so lazy."  
He turns to his book, and his eyea become hazy.

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So off to the task like a helpful sister,  
I go with the thought of, "O, Brother, O, Mister,  
You better not carry this business too far.  
Just who and what do you think you are?"

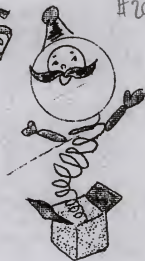
And then there are times when "with "nothin' to do",  
He thinks I'd look better black and blue.  
So he "pats" me on the back and sends me reeling,  
As though I were wood, without any feeling.

Of course, at times he's a perfect dear.  
(When his birthday or Christmas is getting near.)  
I treat him nice. Please him I hope,  
And he pops up with, "You're getting fat, you dope."  
Anita Schmidt

## MY LITTLE BROTHER

My little brother's not yet four years old,  
But I wouldn't trade him for a pile of gold.  
He's short and chubby and has thick brown hair.  
His eyes are coal black and his skin quite fair.  
He doesn't like cereal, and milk he hates,  
But ice cream, cake, and candy really rates.  
My brother loves to play with cats and dogs.  
He also collects snakes, and toads, and frogs.  
He has to be forced to wash his dirty face,  
And his hands and nails are a real disgrace.  
When he is mad, he really kicks and bites,  
He screams and howls and puts up awful fights.  
However, we think he's a normal child,  
Even though he's sometimes extremely wild.  
When we see a twinkle in his dark eyes,  
We know that we're in for a real surprise.  
But whether it's good, or whether it's bad,  
We'll love forever our mischievous lad.

Lois Michel



#204

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J



Joyous  
Easter Greetings  
1956

# THE JERSEY JINGLE BELLES

5 - FEB 24  
Copy 1956  
Volume 13  
Number.... 2

#205

A UAPA PUBLICATION.....JANUARY--FEBRUARY 1956.

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## BEWARE! WE GROW ON PEOPLE!!

\*\*\*\*\*  
OFF THE BAT: Well, here we are again--all set to jingle these bells and set the belfry to vibrating; that is, if the bells aren't too rusty. Sorry we've been among the missing lately, but it couldn't be helped. Our faithful old mimeograph called it a day and we had to do the same thing until we could recruit some help from the ranks. When we cash in enough milk bottles, etc. we'll invest in a new mimeograph and try to appear in the bundle more often. Until then, don't look for us until you see us--or don't you, anyway??? Either way, as I said before, it was a situation we couldn't be blamed for -- and it is nice to say "hello" to all you nice, friendly people.....Kathy.  
\*\*\*\*\*

X-PN 4827

OFF THE CHEST by General Gripe

.J

## -CHESTNUTS-

### ---BEAUTY AND THE BEASTIE---

Her hair was butter-yellow;  
Her eyes like pools of blue  
Beneath an April skylight;  
Her form was curved in true  
Perfection. Yet no lover  
Had placed a wedding band  
Upon her slender finger,  
Nor even held her hand.  
But when she met a beastie  
That gave her worse B.O.  
She bought deoderizer;  
And now she has a beau.

...Thelma Allinder

\*\*\*\*\*  
And now let me say something on the subject of men. The oracle (---- Swami speaks): The next worst thing to not having a man is having one!

\*\*\*\*\*  
To all residents of Indiana, Ohio, and Pa.: If you see my lil' ol' airman third class, Terry Vaughn, hitch-hiking across country, take him in, feed him, and send him home to mama.  
Honest, that youngun!!!  
\*\*\*\*\*

OFF THE COB: by Kernel Korn  
- KORN POMES-

### ---MAUD CURTIS---

Maud Curtis, a Southern belle,  
Is lovelier than words can tell;  
She wouldn't marry  
Tom, Dick or Harry,  
IT TOOK FRANKIE TO "RING THE BELLE!"  
...Pearl Thomas

### ---O LOVE!---

Oh love, oh thrilling love!  
Would I could write a verse to it,  
But my pen fails. Suffice to say  
That I'm not averse to it!

...Wilma A. Busch

I thought that one was kinda  
cute, didn't you? (Franny)

### ---IN CASE THERE'S A TAKER---

Just one husband have I got---  
Forty-odd, and gone to pot.  
So, if I'd be your valentine,  
We must make it clandestine!



E-444-9

## THE JERSEY - JINGLE BELLES

UAPA Pub.

Vol. 3 - No. 4

Editors

Sept.-Oct.-1956

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BETWEEN!

We grow on people!

\* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \* - \*

## OFF THE BAT:

The Jingles of Jersey are so glad  
to be back in the bundle--with a new  
micrograph yet! And if you don't know  
we've been missing, shame on you!

As we write this, we just don't  
know if "Miss Minnie Graph" will  
work or not. But that's life!  
Next month we hope to have the  
usual format with two sheets. But  
for now, this will have to do.

Having just had a birthday, I,  
Fran, thank with all gladness the  
40 members who wished me happiness. . .  
God bless you. What a day I had!  
I didn't even mind the appalling  
number of years: well, not much!  
I have thanked you all personally, too.

-- FRAN --

\* - \* - \*

## -- COMMENTARY --

Just a-drearin' on 'y back

In a field of clover;  
Watchin' all the clouds roll by,  
When the day is over --

Brooks a-runnin' over stones,  
Cool and fresh and headlin';  
Stars a-blinkin' in the sky  
As the night comes steeclin'.

Birds a-singin' in their bliss ...  
How could I want more than this!

## SONG OF THE WIDDER-WOMAN

By

Frances Lois Vaughn

O, to be a widder-woman,  
Now that Autumn's here;  
I would shed a pound or two  
And tighten up my gear.  
I'd take the kinks out of my back  
And put them in my hair;  
I'd don my saucy gypsy skirt,  
And hie me to the fair.

O, to be a widder-woman  
When I'm nine and thirty,  
When the bloom is on the cheek,  
And the eye is flirty.  
I would be as free as air--  
Like a bird ... but then  
I'd grab myself a widder-man,  
And tie me down again!

\* - \* - \* - \*

## FATE by Wm. F. Evans

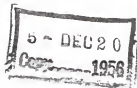
Fate, O, Goddesses of destiny,  
You spun the threads of life,  
There can one go where you are not--  
You pursue life and death and strife.

\* - \* - \*

## BIBLE VERSE "L" --

Let not mercy and truth forsake thee;  
bind thou about thy neck; write them





# THE JERSEY JINGLE - BELLES

1187

Vol. 3--Number 5

UAPA PUBLICATION

Nov.-Dec. 1956

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BEWARE!!!  
We grow on people!!!

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\* - \* - \* - \* - \*

OFF THE BAT: Well, people, just look what it's my task to do ... To wish Happy Christmas and New Year's to you ... So guess I'll get busy, climb up to our tower ... And get those bells swinging ... For this is the hour ... to let all Uniteds in countries and states ... know Fran, Pearl and Kathy fling open the gates ... of fellowship, happiness, good old gay times ... with hopes for more stories, those sweet-talkin' rhymes ... to make Christmas holidays better than ever ... and this New Year the kind that we'd cherish forever. Jingle-a-ling ... KATHY.

\* - \* - \*

OFF THE CHEST--by General Gripe (Kathy)

(I've got so many good humor verses from the couplet contest, I just have to use a few. More next time, too.)

\* - \* - \*

The cafeteria keeps me messing  
To find turkey in the dressing.

Philip T. Martyn

\* - \* - \*

THE BORE -- Ida Zuberbuehler

He kissed with passion her and sighed:

"Let's wed!"

"Old-fashioned bore you are!" she cried ... and fled.

\* - \* - \*

A butcher found a homeless dog,

A wandering little bum,  
And as he led him home, he said,

"The worst is yet to come."

-NINA PHALEN

\* - \* - \*

WHILE CHRISTMAS SHOPPING --Kathy

I have the urge to splurge and  
splurge,

But my thoughts and my pocket  
never merge.

\* - \* - \*

OFF THE COB--by Kernel Korn (Fran)

Having been out of business for quite awhile, the corn-crib is empty; so we'll have to replenish with Jersey corn from the Vaughn Farm.

\* - \* - \*

IT'S STILL DESSERT ... FRAN

Gente, you're a jolly fellow,  
With a face like cherry jello;  
But come down chimneys, sir, I wouldn't  
Or you'll look like chocolate puddin'...

\* - \* - \*

BLISS THAT BURNS ... FRAN

Off we go to the five-and-ten--  
Christmas shopping time again;  
Feet that burn and eyes that smart--  
Busted purse but a singing heart.

\* - \* - \*

AW ... COME ON ... FRAN

Jingle bells, jingle bells,  
Jingle all the way;  
What you think of Jingle Belles,  
I really wish you'd say!

\* - \* - \*

DANGEROUS ADVICE By ORMA MCCORMICK

If you would halt a hold-up or forestall  
it,  
Invent an H-bomb fold-up for your wallet.

\* - \* - \*

5- OCT 22

OCT 1957

## -- THE JERSEY JINGLE - BELLES --

-- A UAPA PUB: -- By PEARL R. THOMAS, FRANCES LOIS VAUGHN & H. KATHLEEN HALEY  
SEPTEMBER-1957

\*-\* IE AN' PAW AT THE CONVENTION \*-\*

By Pearl R. Thomas

Conventions is fun! S'pecially when they're UAPA Conventions held in Milwaukee!!

Me an' Paw'll be married fifty years come November, so we decided we'd get in a second weddin' trip while we was both on our feet an' that's what started us off. Did we have ourselves a time? Well, if you've a minute to spare, I'll tell ya all about it.

It took some doin' to get there, but after ridin' all day an' night on every kind o' contraption ya can think of, we finally landed in Milwaukee at the Knickerbocker Hotel Thursday mornin' right in the middle of a UAPA business session. O' course, bein' so anxious to see everybody, there was no holdin' me back, so I marched straight into the meetin' and' stopped everything cold. They sure greeted me like I was somethin' important; what with all the kissin' and handshakin' an' the like!

Bein' awful tired from our long trip, we thought at first we'd go to our room after lunch, take a little snooze and freshen up for the evenin' doin's; but Paw wanted to hunt up a drug store to buy some shavin' cream, an' who should we run into but Ethel Boehme an' Ann Weistling. They was on their way to meet the others who was goin' to visit the Layton Art Gallery. O' course they talked us into goin' along, too. What I don't know about Art would fill considerable more'n that Art Buildin'. Anyhow, everyone seemed to rave over the different exhibits, so I guess it must've been real good. Art is funny; the worse it looks the better it's s'posed to be.!! The whole place was bein' tore up and moved to the new Memorial Art Center on the Lincoln Bridge in Juneau Park. The Center will not be finished until mid-September when there will be a big showin' o' world's masterpieces o' art. We sure was lucky an' got in on a special invitation 'an felt like real celebrities, because they was havin' a "Tea" that day give by the Layton Art Gallery an' Institute. We just stood around lookin' like we knowed what it was all about, sippin' punch an' nibblin' on them fancy little cakes. But anyway, I wish ya could've seen that buildin'! If a good pugg o' wind comes along, they're goin' ta find it in the middle o' Lake Michigan. It's propped up there with nothin' but a few stilts ta hold it up, and no matter where ya look there's windows from the floor to the ceilin'. How they ever expect the place to stay together is more'n I can tell ya'.

In the evenin' we met in the Colonial Room of the Knickerbocker Hotel. Bill Ellis brought his magic lantern along and showed us colored picture slides of the Caves of Virginia. I've never been inside o' one o' them caves, so I can't think it's true. Guess now I'll have to go down there an' find out for myself. Bill told us so much, I wish I could remember half of it. I can still see them pictures in my mind and I will for a long time.

Friday mornin' we had another business session. Bill Ellis was elected our new President. Let's stick by him an' help all we can. Right now he is in the Blanchard Valley Hospital, Findlay, Ohio, but not for long! Ya can't keep a good man down!

In the afternoon we had readin's of what we had wrote durin' the year; everybody tell's each other how good we was which made us all very happy. Later Ethel took charge of the delegates on a shoppin' spree. We et in the cafeteria of the new YMCA, and a good meal was had by all.

On our way back to the hotel, we stopped for a breather in Juneau Park. There's a playground there for the kiddies, so David Curtis had to show off in one of them swings and see how high she could go. Said the view from way up there was just wonderful. Paw said it wasn't so bad from where he was settin' either.

100  
J

#209



## THE BEATITUDES

BY

VERA MARIE JENKINS



ALLO JUST  
Joy at Eastertide

X-PN 4827

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J  
#211



## The Lord's Prayer

and other poems  
by  
Hera Marie Jenkins

This is not a finished, learned, polished exposition of this subject. It is mostly my own thoughts and impressions and observations, given with the purpose of suggesting more thought and questioning.

I give some words of Rev. W.J. Thompson, regarding the subject, as introductory to it; "This is a subject which seems simple, but is complex! It can become a controversial topic because of various schools of Thought, dealing with social studies. The true approach is the Christian interpretation."

A presentation of the subject, in any way, may be an invitation to others to respond with their own thoughts. We do not expect "heated arguments", -merely friendly discussion, for mutual helpfulness.

We hear the word "Common" applied to many things; "common people", "common sense", "common decency", "common courtesy", the "common road", etc. Of Jesus it was said, "The common people heard Him gladly". Why the "common" people? It was said of Him, by Himself, "I am meek and lowly in heart." Perhaps they were too, - not sophisticated, opinionated, or exalted in their own estimation.

Abraham Lincoln, the most generally recognized example of that vaguely defined, but seemingly recognizable term - the "common people", was the fitting originator of the saying, "God must have loved the common people, for he made so many of them"; and we have accepted it, without thinking much about analyzing it. But observation of life, and some remarks, or some incidents, bring questions to mind, which may stir up discussion.

The term "ordinary man", is another way of saying "common man", and it seems to indicate the person of ordinary talent, ability, or position in life as regards a job and financial status. We also speak of "common schools", and "common sayings", meaning general, or for everybody, or by everybody. We do not think that "common schools" are just for "common people", - far from it. As to "common sayings", which are usually accepted by people, or quoted commonly, - are they to be accepted as absolutely true and dependable for our guidance? For instance: "Where ignorance is bliss, 'twere folly to be wise", one look at that, should show up its fallacy; we ask this question, "Is a state of ignorance, comfortable and unaroused, to be considered a guarantee of well-being and safety?" Another saying: "Christianity has never been tried," calls for more than one glance. What kind of person would say that? But it has been said, and many have taken it for granted. But only an uninformed, unobservant person, and one who has taken a very superficial view of Christian living, teaching and power, and its application to world - conditions and peoples. "What you don't know, won't hurt you", is another way of saying that about "ignorance and bliss". It sounds glib and final and quite comforting to the unthoughtful mind; but, what sensible person would want to go through lifewith that trifling philosophy, with all its dangerous, deceiving ways? Only a heedless, witless, daring fool! Let's look out for "common sayings"!

"Common sense" is so often spoken of and commended as a prime requisite for solving ALL the problems of life. But there is a status which calls for something higher than "common sense". The most outstanding, extraordinary achievements in the world, have called for something more than mere "common sense". The higher accomplishments require the exercise of a sense which is uncommon" and which is motivated by what is called "inspiration", - the quest of an ideal, and the sense of the supremacy of the spiritual over the material values. "Common sense" is useful in common occupations and problems; "Uncommon sense" is needed in higher, uncommon aspirations and achievements." (This is a quote.)

Chapter 2 - - - (next month)

Editor, Nina Hard Crosby  
1874 N. Raymond  
Pasadena, 3, California

Lesen

Besprechen

Weitergeben

X-PN 4827



Organ der revolutionären Arbeiterschaft vom Eisergarund  
10 Groschen 20. Jänner

## DIE SAAR

3 DEC 30

1953

90% für Deutschland, 8,2% für status quo

Wie war das möglich?

15 Jahre lang haben alle Saarländer, ohne Parteiunterschied auf die Rückkehr zu Deutschland gewartet. Ihre Sehnsucht war so gross, dass sogar Sozialdemokratische, kommunistische und katholische Wähler, für die Rückgliederung an Hitler-Deutschland gestimmt haben, obwohl sie Gegner des Nationalsozialismus bleiben werden.

Vielleicht hätte eine Propaganda, die mit den gleichen Mitteln durchgeführt worden wäre, wie sie der Deutschen Front zur Verfügung standen, in den Saarländern Bedenken über ihren Entschluss erweckt. Hinter der Deutschen Front stand ein 60 millionenreich. Die Statusquuanhänger setzten sich aus drei verschiedenen Gruppen zusammen, die sich weder auf ein Land, noch auf den Völkerbund stützen konnten.

Das internationale Kapital hat auch weidlich mitgeholfen, das Saargebiet zu Deutschland zu bringen. Hitler ist in seiner schwierigen innerpolitischen Lage. Die Gegensätze in den Betrieben und auf dem Lande, die Gegensätze innerhalb der NSDAP spitzen sich täglich mehr zu. Hitler braucht unbedingt aussenpolitische Erfolge um die Risse mühsam zu verkleistern. Den Kapitalisten ist Hitler lieber als der Kommunismus, deshalb stützen sie sein Regime.



## THE KIMBERLITE

Gems of Thought  
AUTUMN 1953

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
Vol 1, Number 1

Editor  
Gladys Hembree  
1105 No Custer  
Wichita, Kans

Co-Editor  
Wilda Crawford  
1853 ~~1853~~ S. St Francis  
Wichita, Kans

Hi, Folks-- I have been prospectin' for a name for this here paper for nigh onto three months, hit pay dirt about a week ago and just cum down out of the mountains, with the above as a name for our paper. I'll admit the name is a challenge.

A pretty high mark to shoot at. But as my ole man sez-- "Shoot at is right, you'll never hit it". But I can try.

All jokes-- ?? - aside, I do hope to live up to the challenge of what the name means in regard to what I wish to convey in writing. -

that is. (G.H.) "Gems of Thought"

\*\*\*\*\*

## MOVING WITH THE SUN

I planted a row of large Chrysanthemum type Sunflowers in my vegetable garden this year, and as a result, I feel I have learned a valuable lesson from observation, as no matter what time of day I visited the garden I noticed the top part of the stalk, leaves, and blossom all turned toward the sun.

In the morning the flowers all slant directly towards the rising sun, then they gradually turn west as the sun rises higher in the sky, and at evening each stalk is slanted towards the setting sun, almost as if they were tipped mechanically.

To me, it seems that if we would concentrate on the Source of life with the perseverance of this flower, there is no limit to what we might accomplish in spiritual growth. This is all done so silently, no effort, just relaxing in the power of God's sunlight.

We may grow by the same means, silently, no effort, just relaxing and letting God work through us. My impression as I have watched this flower grow is-- that we are to be receptive and absolutely let "God's will be done" in and thru us. By this I don't mean that we are always to be passive because there is a time for silence, and a time for activity. But we do gain our strength thru these periods of silence, then go forth to put into practice what we have learned thru inspiration.

If we have "ears to hear" and "eyes to see", we may gain much from Mother Nature. (G.H.)



4 NOV 19 1954

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# THE KITTEN

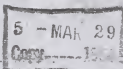
No. 45

Cranford, N. J.

Oct. 1954

Since Brother Segal drags the Executive Judges' business out and puts it on display, let us all look at ALL the factors involved and not at just a few of them. The proposition of \$200 an issue for THE N A was discussed by some at the Portland convention. The idea was four Super Duper issues of 24 pages with 700-800 copies, something Very Special, the extra copies to be available for future recruiting. 4 times 24 is 96 pages, and to fill that many with top quality stuff, beautifully printed is a lot of work, more than anyone else would attempt.

Right at the start I said my brother was a darn fool to offer to do that much but if he offers to we should jump with joy and accept. Most years we have a novice editor with a little spare time, little money, and a poor or merely fair printer. So the results can at best be only mediocre. Most Editors are so short of funds they spend lots of time hat-passing and have little left for editing or writing. So the one time we have had all the four requisites at once, an experienced editor with time enough, a suitable press, and money in the NAPA treasury, we should have gone ahead. We didn't.



X-2N4827

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#216

## THE KIMBERLITE

Gems of Thought A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION  
 SPRING 1954 Vol I Number 2  
 \*\*\*\*\*

Editor  
 Gladys Hembree  
 1165 No Custer  
 Wichita Kans

Co-Editor  
 Wilda Crawford  
 1853 So St Francis  
 Wichita Kans

\*\*\*\*\*  
 HELLO FOLKS- Gladys has been warning me the time was coming for

me to turn in my "stuff", for our second edition. But as usual I can not think of anything 'till I'm faced with a "must". I wish to thank all of you nice people for the letters of Welcome, Birthday, and Christ mas cards.

You're wonderful people. One just could'nt come to any other conclusion after reading all the lovely little papers. They come so close to reality.

Bill Ellis, my granddaughters want me to thank you for the rocks you sent for their collection- They were very nice.

You Milwaukee folks must have fun at your meetings. Gladys and I hope we can be with you in Kans City next summer.

I really enjoy your papers very much. Wilda.

## Three Little Girls

## Magic Mind

They are not plain ordinary girls  
 They are different from all the rest  
 They are my three granddaughters  
 The subject I talk about best,

If only I'd take the time to listen,  
 Relax and drop my worries and cares,  
 I'd find that magic mind

Kay's the oldest, she's all of eleven now,  
 She's my pride and joy, this little gal  
 Pretty, blue eyed and curly brown hair  
 How I love her, my very best pal.

Within me,  
 With all the answers and the wares.

Black haired Sue is next in line.  
 She's a tease, and so full of fun,  
 She's tall and pretty, for a child of six,  
 She's "Special" when all is said and done.

If I could use good common sense,  
 When faced with things that seem tragic,  
 And leave it all with this one Mind.  
 It would be solved as if by magic.

Next is Nancy, our one year old,  
 Chubby, loving, a darling little child.  
 You'll see an angel direct from heaven  
 When she looks at you and smiles.

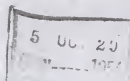
I cannot think of, or even compare,  
 Anything so vast, wonderfully timed,  
 To fill our every desire or

These are not ordinary girls,  
 Not the average run of the mill,  
 To them I'm not an ordinary grandmother,  
 I'm special, they call me Bill.

Need,  
 As this, "God's own Magic Mind".

W.C.

Dear God, to You these three we give,  
 Kay, Sue, Nancy, This trio of pearls  
 To protect and guide as they grow up  
 These three extraordinary little girls.  
 Wilda Crawford



X-PN 4827

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#217

THE KIMBERLINE

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

GEMS OF THOUGHT

AUTUMN 1954

Editor Gladys Hembree  
 1105 Mc Gaster  
 Wichita, Kans

Co- Editor Wilda Crawford  
 1853 So St Francis  
 Wichita, Kans

I have intended writing before now, but the weather has been so very warm and I have not been feeling well all summer, But I do want to tell you how I enjoyed the Convention. It will ever stand out in my memory as a highlight. I missed out on all the business sessions, arriving just in time for the Moss Memorial luncheon, which was so very nice, and also so very sweet of Grace Moss to do this. Talk about wonderful people, I never met a finer group, Honestly! I mean this.

My program is completely filled with autographs, and I think I'll have it framed as a treasured memento. And, Oh! the banquet on Saturday night. The speeches, the good fellowship, the amusing banter between the toastmaster and those on the program. Olive Roberts made you gasp and say to yourself-"Oh, you beautiful doll". Florence Jones came under the same category, only she was so tiny and petite. But I think I completely lost my heart to a little gal down Georgia way, Maud Curtiss, she was so sweet, reminded you of a figure stepping out of a picture frame of old southern colonial days, in her sweet Alice Blue gown, and charming manner, And our own Irma Reiter, well, to meet her is to feel like you have known her always, as my two granddaughters say of a favorite doll- "She has personality".

Mary Frame from down Texas way, and Bernice Wilkins from Okla. City are all "The Men Says" and more. I could go on, and on, and on, but will close by saying- was I surprised when I was called on to say a few words, I do not remember what I did say, but I believe this that was uppermost in my mind- 'I was born with a brain, and it functioned all my life, up until the moment I got up to say a few words at the UAPA convention in Kans City. GLADYS HEMBREE

## PAST PERFECT

I found a yellow garter,  
 A tiny flowered round,  
 And as I held it softly  
 Tears came without a sound.

I saw again that circlet  
 On baby's pudgy knee.  
 That worn-out baby garter  
 Took me years in memory.

.... Kettie Hallock.

If when climbing up life's ladder  
 You can reach a hand below  
 Just to help the other fellow  
 Up another rung, you know;  
 It may be that in the future,  
 When you're growing weary too,  
 You'll be glad to find there's  
 someone  
 Who will lend a hand to you.

(Author unknown.)

#1218

X-PN 4827

## THE KITTEN

No. 49

Cranford, N. J.

Sept. 1955

*Denver Convention  
Won Unique Publicity*

EVENT IN JULY ESCAPES MENTION

COMPLETELY IN SEPTEMBER

The "publicity workers" at Denver were crowned with a slight modicum of success; they got the 1955 election results put on the AP or UP wires. A few days later I got a phone call: "This is the *Newark News*. We hear you have just been elected PRESIDENT of the N.A.P.A. Tell us all about it." (See what happens when you do not go to a convention!) Luckily I'd had an airmail letter from Denver and could correct their error. They asked more questions and ended up sending a reporter and photographer (two men) to Cranford to interview me and take 4 pictures. "It will be in a Sunday issue," he said.

So I bought that paper the next few Sundays and looked—in vain. That was that. Monday, Sept. 12, I came home all unsuspecting and my daughters said "See the article that was in yesterday's paper!"

Inside is a substantially exact reproduction.

#219

5-DEC-2

COPY

1955

## KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I--NO. I  
OCTOBER--1955

As bees and squirrels in these best of weathers  
Store nuts and nectar against winter's cold,  
We poets store beauty-long purple gay-feathers  
From by-roads and pastures, all our arms can hold.  
As gay and companionable as gay-feathers are  
Our Kansas group clans and hopes to go, far

X-PN 48 27

\* \* \* \* \*

Having known your gracious Gladys Hembree for some time, and because of our mutual writing interests, I invited her to meet with our creative writing group to tell us about the Amateur Press. After hearing her, and after reading the delightful contributions contained in the Bundles, we are forming a new group, KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS, for we too, wanted to be a part of UAPA. So, having planted the seed given us by Gladys, we hope, that by loving care, these purple flowering gay-feathers will grow and bring joy to amateur writers all over the land as well as to Kansans.

\* \* \* \* \*

GAY-FEATHERS GROUP greets you  
from Wichita, Kansas

\* \* \* \* \*

|                                 |                   |
|---------------------------------|-------------------|
| Ida May Hull, Editor . . . . .  | 321 S. Chautauqua |
| Marie Jack Hetherington . . . . | 621 N. Grove      |
| Ella Dunn Howell . . . . .      | 229 N. Erie       |
| Nellie Bly Middleton . . . . .  | 2412 N. Hillside  |
| Mrs. R. N. St. John . . . . .   | 225 N. Martinson  |
| Helen Etnire . . . . .          | 431 S. Bluff      |

#220

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COPY 1955

KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOLUME 1, No. 2  
NOVEMBER, 1955

\* \* \* \* \*

X-PN 48 27  
K

KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS made its debut in A.U.A.P. last month and now, as October's burnished beauty lies dormant, we, its members, look forward to November's peaceful days. Let us all give thanks to God for his goodness to us during the past months.

"O Lord, who lends me life, lend me a heart  
replete with thankfulness."

--Shakespeare.

\* \* \* \* \*

THE PEARLS (A sonnet)

I give you necklaced pearls--not one large pearl,-  
For age will teach the fruitlessness of one  
Who fights vicissitudes of life alone  
Against a changing, ruthless, bitter world.  
I give your fair young throat no gawdy chain,  
But one of little pearls--yet each one pure-  
Too numberless to count, and so secure,  
These treasured gems will pearls of joy remain.

In some black hour, these pearls of yesterday--  
When clasped around your throat with aging hands-  
May in a sense, your loneliness alley;  
And this togetherness of twining strands,  
Bring you remembrance of love's strengthening  
power  
And lull the desolateness of that hour.

Poet's Reed

Ida May Hull,  
Editor

X-PN 48 27

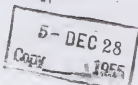
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KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I--NO. 3  
CHRISTMAS 1955



\* \* \* \* \*

Let's keep Christmas, not just to make merry  
But to heal hearts hungry for joy --  
Enhance our mantels with soft candle light  
And gifts for each girl and boy.

Let Holly and Mistletoe spread Christmas cheer  
Let us give the CHRIST CHILD'S way  
Sharing such gifts as cannot be bought.  
Keeping CHRISTMAS EVERY DAY.

--The Editor.

\* \* \* \* \*

#### CHRISTMAS IS A SEASON APART

Christmas is a season apart  
when the spirit of love  
is cupped in your heart;  
The candles and lights form a  
diadem,  
like the stars that gleamed  
over Bethlehem.  
May good will be spread  
over all the earth  
and peace among Nations  
on the day of His birth.

--Cozie Ellen Binderim.



5 - JUN 24  
Copy 1955

#222

# THE KIMBERLITE

Spring 1955

GEMS OF THOUGHT

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor Gladys Hembree  
1105 No Gustor  
Wichita, 12 Kans

Co- Editor Wilda Crawford  
403 No E Street, Duncan, Okla.

Living-- One day at a time.

I'm wondering if this old world wouldn't be a better place in which to live if we lived one day at a time. Say, we lived as if this day, TODAY, was our last day to be here on this plane.

I think of this often as I go about everyday unimportant little necessary tasks about the home, then I catch myself doing them just a little better, and I am reminded of several years ago when I was called home on account of my fathers death, which happened very sudden, having had a stroke at 2 AM, and passed away within six hours. My mother had passed on five months before his death, and he had lived alone since her passing. He had worked the day before his passing, coming in and preparing the evening meal, and setting the house to rights, the house had the appearance of his living just like that every day. Every thing in perfect order, there was very little for any of us to do.

I often think of this in reference to our spiritual life, our daily spiritual living, as we know many of the acts of the Masters sojourn upon this earth are recorded as miracles, but He also did many small deeds of kindness, etc for those whom He met along the way each day, and perhaps He was best loved for these. Not everyone who needs a cup of cold water is stretching out his hand and asking for it, you know.

All these small deeds of thoughtfulness and kindness are necessary duties in keeping our house in order, and no matter how hard you try you can not help another, without helping your self, so- this is an excellent manner in which to live - One day at a time.

G. Hembree.

## THIS DAY

Thou hast no need to ask  
What years ahead shall hold;  
God gives this one sweet day,  
Each moment spun of gold!

Thou dost not need to know  
The future joy or pain;  
For tomorrow is not thine  
For emptyness or gain.

And thou should'st never fear  
The days that yet shall be;  
God holds them in His hands  
And measures them to thee.

But let thy heart be glad  
His curtain veils thy sight  
Enough each day---today.  
Then live this day aright!  
(By Hazel H. Simon)



# THE KIMBERLY

2 OCT - 5  
Copy 1955

#223

SHOES OF THOUGHT

Vol 1 Number 5

Autumn 1955

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Editor Gladys Hembree  
1105 No Custer  
Wichita, Kans.

Co-Editor Wilda Crawford  
403 No E  
Duncan, Okla.

Dear UAPA Members- I can not tell you how much I enjoy all your papers, some of you are truly inspired, Wm Wallace Ellis, Martha Williams Dr. Thompson and others I can not recall at the moment. are truly great writers, but there isn't a paper in the bundle that I don't thoroughly enjoy. I got a bang out of Eddie Schaffers poetry, he is good. Say didn't that Gladys Hembree strut her stuff sponsoring all those gals from Wichita? She is like that, folks. She gets what she goes after. I sure miss our chats on the phone since we moved to Duncan. See you later, Wilda.

Thirteen today.  
(Our Lynda Kay)

X-PN 482 7  
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Just thirteen years ago today  
We waited eagerly with joy,  
The arrival of our first grandchild  
Caring not whether girl or boy.

We've watched her grow and grow  
Thru thirteen short, short years  
God has been so good to her,  
She's the answer to our prayers.

She has entered her teens today  
This tall blond lovely girl  
Equipped with Gods every gift  
He so freely gives to His world.

She is health, happiness and joy  
Bubbling over with fun and love  
She's every inch a manifestation  
Of all thats pure from God above.

We dedicate her to God today  
To inspire, protect and guide,  
Keep her always pure and conscious  
Of her oneness with God inside.

(Wilda Crawford)

EACH DAY is a package. You  
unwrap it each morning and  
unpack it during the hours that  
follow. What you find, depends  
on you. Your thoughts govern  
what you find. The same day  
will yield treasures to one  
man and only dust to his  
companion-- Author unknown.

The "feel" of autumn is in the air  
Evidence of God is everywhere,  
The painted leaves, the golden red,  
The seasonal beauty, a gift of God.  
A sunflower tall, stands guard it  
seems,

The slant of the sun thru foliage  
gleams

Reminds us all that we too, must rest,  
From the cares of the day, 'cause God  
knows best.

G. Hembree.



# THE KEYHOLE

Volume III No. 1

July 1955

Published by

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr. **PN 827**  
39 Marianna Street  
East Lynn, Massachusetts **K**

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Greetings to all members of the United from your very travel weary president. I arrived back in the States after almost two years duty with the army in Germany the last week of June. It took me almost a week to process out of the service, being discharged on the first of July.

From Ft. Dix I went to my home in Lynn. Little did my folks know about the duration of my "visit", for on the following Wednesday I left home for the convention in Chicago.

After spending four days at the convention did I go home? I did not. I went along to Milwaukee with Eddie and Irma. That is where I am now I have no idea when I shall be going home. I may stay here in Milwaukee until Labor Day week-end, and then attend the convention of the American A. P. A. Their convention will also be held at the Graemere Hotel in Chicago.

If I do not go home soon I think that I shall send the pictures that Bill Ellis took at the convention home. Just so that my parents will remember what I look like.

I wish to thank all of the members of the United who expressed their faith in me by electing me president. I am honored by my election to this office and I shall strive to uphold the confidence that has been placed in me. I shall work for peace and harmony within the United. If nothing else but this is accomplished during my administration I shall consider that I have done my job well. The United is an association of WRITERS and not politicians, and I shall always work under that supposition. I cannot do this job alone, nor can any other officer, nor any single member. The only way this objective can be reached is through the co-operative efforts of EVERY member of the United.

I wish to announce the appointment as MAILER of Mary R. Nelson, 4550 North 29th Street, Milwaukee 16, Wis. The appointment will take effect with the September mailing. Send your August papers to the present Mailer, Irma Schmitt, who has given us such splendid service this year.

Convention news next month.

#224

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KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS . K

#225

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

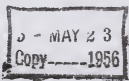
VOL . I NO. 7  
MAY, 1956

Ida May Hull... editor

\*\*\*\*\*

#### A CINQUAIN

The leaf  
only a bud  
as yet, dreams of the day  
when it will be as yellow as  
the sun.



Jere St. John

\*\*\*\*\*

#### THE TIME OF DELICATE PETALS

The spiraled springtime bud is hard,  
the rain cannot invade it,  
and the rose-tree's haw in winter  
is impervious to snows,  
but there is a time of delicate petals  
which even a breeze may shatter;

defenseless is the full blown rose.

IN POETRY

May Williams Ward

\*\*\*\*\*

#### I LOVE GREEN!

Now you may call green, chlorophyll,  
But I shall call it what I will,  
Because I love all green that grows  
To Compliment each fruit and rose;  
I thrill to wheatfields, as we pass,  
The sparkling green of tender grass,  
And rain-drenched leaves when spring in new...  
I think God must have loved green too.

Nova Katherine Ashley

X-PN4827

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## KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

VOL. I— NO. 5  
MARCH, 1956

\* \* \*

### MARCH WHIMS

Rain and wind, wind and rain  
Whimsical March is here again;  
Smell of wet earth fills the air.  
Brooks are scuttling everywhere.  
Wild floating clouds sail swiftly on  
Within a sky in dark withdrawn.  
Bare maple branches are ebony-weaves  
Not yet frosted with tender, green leaves;  
As I take a fire log under each arm  
A bright, windy star shines over the farm.  
Rain and wind, wind and rain  
Whimsical March is here again!

—Ida May Hull

\* \* \*

Kansas Gay-Feathers thanks its many friends for their letters, comments and citations. It makes us very happy to know that we are appreciated and that AUAP members enjoy our poems.

—The Editor.

\* \* \*

### PARADISE FOUND

The streets of my Heaven are boardwalks,  
not gold;  
And my Paradise doorway is splintered and old.  
An angel in gingham, my mom, will be there  
Frying spicy, brown doughnuts with flour  
in her hair.

—Nova Katherine Ashley.

4227  
KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

Vol. I-No. 4  
Jan.-Feb. 1956

\* \* \* \* \*

PICTURE VALENTINE

5 - FEB 24  
Copy ----- 1956

You are my modern glamour girl  
With pony-tail -- full skirts awhirl!  
    Pretty, slangy, idle talk  
    Sandalled feet in comfort walk--  
    Hatless, leisurely, you stalk.  
But you have a heart of gold  
You are really not so bold--  
    In fact, you are a wee bit coy!  
    Outspoken as a barefoot boy  
    And quick to change from fear to joy.  
Yet you have faith the Pilgrims had  
You set me right when I am bad  
    You give me hope for future years,  
    Inspire ambition, quell my fears,  
    Life with you will reap no tears.  
You are my modern, glamour girl  
With pony-tail -- full skirts awhirl!

Ida May Hull, Editor.

\* \* \* \* \*

X-PN 4027

SECRET DEEPS

.K

When life is agitated,  
Mad whirlpools send the blood  
In swift, disturbed commotion  
As tortured rivers flood;  
Beneath the raging surface,  
Unruffled by the tide,  
In secret deeps of quiet,  
An inner self abides.

Nova Trimble Ashley.

THE

KEYHOLE

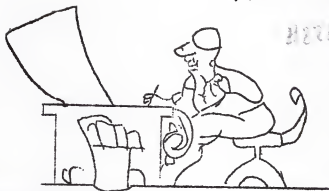
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Volume III  
Number 4

January 1956

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., Editor  
39 Marianna Street, Lynn, Mass.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION



## THE EDITOR SAYS

We had a wonderful Holiday Season here in New England. This was my first Holiday Season at home in four years and needless to say I had an especially good time. There is absolutely no substitute for being home during the holidays. I wish to thank the many members of the Association who sent me cards. It was a wonderful gesture on their part and I appreciate this kindness very much. I hope that you all enjoyed the holidays as much as I did and I want to wish each and every one of you a most happy, healthful, and prosperous New Year.

I have not been as active in the last few months as I would have like to but I have had to get re-settled after my tour of duty with the Military but now everything is in order and I shall be able to be much more active.

I take very special pleasure in announcing at this time that Grace Moss Weitman has accepted the appointment as Chairman of the Convention Arrangements Committee. The tentative dates for the convention are July 19, 20 and 21. I ask that all members of the Association give Grace their full co-operation in all matters pertaining to the planning of the convention. Although the convention is not until mid-july in New York City, it is definitely not too early to start making your plans to attend.

It has been five years since we last held a convention on the East Coast and I am looking forward to meeting many of our newer East Coast members who were unable to get to our conventions in the Mid-West. Those members who have never been to a UAPA convention have missed one of the finest features of their membership in the UAPA. There is always the pleasure of meeting those members of the United with whom you have been writing or whom you know through their papers in the Bundle, for the first time. Sometimes you are very surprised that the person doesn't fit the pattern that you have drawn of them at all. Let us have every member of the United planning to attend the convention in New York City. I know that if you do attend you will consider it to be a most memorable occasion.

I wish to announce the appointment of Alice Julian of Chicago as Young Adults Activities Co-ordinator. She is to be complimented upon the paper she sponsored TEEN GLEANS in last month's Bundle. I believe that special activities designed especially to meet the needs and desires of the United's younger members should be an important part of our policy. Surely, there's no group of members within the United

Volume III Number 5

THE KEYHOLE

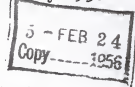
February 1956

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

EDITORS

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr  
39 Marianna Street  
East Lynn, Mass.

Judy Steele  
42 Windsor Avenue  
East Lynn, Mass.



Many thanks to all of the members for their kind reception to the last issue of THE KEYHOLE. It was pleasing to learn that it had been missed from the Bundle. If you will take another quick look at the mast-head you will notice a new name has been added. Happy to announce my new co-editor Judy Steele who types most of the copy for this paper for me.

The Constitutional Amendment to add Life Memberships to the United brought in almost no comments at all from the members. However, let me assure you that my next Presidential Message will contain two proposed Amendments that will really draw some comments. Favorable, I hope.

As usual, Irma Reitci has done a wonderful job of selling the idea of going to the New York Convention next July, in her last issue of CHATTERBOX. She makes it sound so easy to save the money to attend the Convention that I almost expect to see every member there.

Eddie Schaffer and his St. Louis Club were certainly well represented in the January Bundle with three full legal size sheets. There were many interesting articles and poems contained in the papers but as I am an addict myself, I enjoyed the poem by Virginia Hollingsworth most of all.

I enjoyed reading THE SEATTLE AMATEUR and recommend the articles on the Seattle Amateur Press Club and Quitters very highly. The interesting accounts of the Seattle club should be of interest to members who do not live in an area that has a local club. I hope that it might inspire some of them to form local clubs. Quitters, I thought to be a very thought provoking article on some of the faults of Ajay. Dr. Noel has some suggestions on correcting these faults in this article and I would like to hear comments from members of the United on the suggestions he makes.

I was very glad to see an issue of WINDFALL edited by Paul Pross. It has been many months since the last issue of WINDFALL and I do hope we will not be kept waiting as long for the next issue.

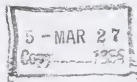
Also I wish to extend a welcome back to the Bundle of MAGNOLIA MEMORIES. I enjoy Evelyn's poetry very much and hope to see much more of it in the future Bundles.

I see that FUMIN-N-FUSIN has gone through another change of format and is now the LOS ANGELES A-JAY NEWS. I hope that all of the members in the Los Angeles area will take advantage of this new publication.



# THE KEYHOLE

Volume III Number 6  
March 1956



A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

## EDITORS:

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr  
39 Marianna Street  
East Lynn, Mass.

Judy Steele  
42 Windsor Avenue  
East Lynn, Mass.

## PRESIDENTIAL MESSAGE

The Constitutional Amendment to add Life Membership to the United Amateur Press Association that I proposed in my last Presidential Message drew very few comments. I would at this time place before you for your consideration and comments two additional Amendments:

### Article II Section 5

- A. The Secretary shall be elected to serve for two years and shall have charge of the association's records. He shall collect the dues, issue membership cards, issue certificates for laureate awards, notify members at least thirty days before their dues become payable, and keep the minutes of the annual convention, which shall be published in the official organ. He shall each month forward with the proper report to the Treasurer all money collected the previous month. He shall report monthly to the President.
- B. The provisions of Section A in regards to the term of the office of the Secretary shall stand suspended and the present Secretary Edward F. Deas shall be given life tenure in office. Upon the resignation, death, or removal of Edward F. Deas this section shall be null and void and all provisions of Section A will be observed.

### Article II Section 6

- A. The Treasurer shall be elected to serve for two years. He shall maintain proper records of all funds received and disbursed, and shall report monthly to the President. He shall be bonded by the Fidelity and Deposit Company of Maryland (Bond No. 4932781 Serial No. 12631) in the sum of \$500.00. The premium



# THE KEYHOLE

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION  
PUBLICATION

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., Editor  
39 Marianna St., East Lynn, Mass.



VOLUME IV

Number 2

SEPTEMBER 1956

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I hope that all members received their September Bundle. Many of you may have had visions of your Bundle being lost in the mails or that there would be no Bundle for the month because of the very late mailing? In this case no one was to blame but me. What a task it was to get anyone to accept the job of Mailer. I finally offered the job to Al Duratti and bless him he accepted. This month's Bundle will also be mailed late in the month, and then we will get back to the normal mailing schedule. The mailing date for November will be the 13th, and the December date will be the 5th. Early on account of the Christmas rush at the post-office.

The mailing of the September Bundle went off very smoothly. However, we found that we spent almost as much time folding some of the papers as we did in the actual assembly of the Bundle, so may we ask all of the editors to please send their papers to the Mailer folded to fit the size of the mailing envelope. We had quite a party putting the Bundle together. The work crew for the evening was a family affair. Al and his wife (my sister), my brothers Alfred and Douglas, and I assembled the Bundles at Al's home. After the work on the Bundle was completed, Al brought in some Pizzas which all of us enjoyed very much.

If you will check the state of the Mailing Fund which is listed in this paper you will see that we are still operating in the red. I know that it is a little early yet but will you please add the Mailing Fund to your Christmas gift list? Let's all get behind the drive to put the Mailing Fund back into the black. There is special need for funds at this time of the year as the December mailing the last few years has been two very heavy Bundles. A mailing of that size, as you may well imagine, takes quite a bit of money so please let me repeat myself. Please add the Mailing Fund to your gift list and then send in your gift early.

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr.

\*\*\*\*\*

## THE LIVING WORD

Every word is interesting  
Of Thy celestial lines.  
Father, in Thy Living Word  
The height of glory shines.  
Aloise Tracy

## CROWN OF CREATION

Man was the crown of creation,  
Created above the rest,  
Given dominion of all the earth,  
And in God's image was blessed.  
Aloise Tracy

KANSAS GAY-FEATHERS X-PN 4827  
A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS VOL. I. NO. 6  
ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION APRIL 1956

\*\*\*\*\*  
INGENUE

Magic season of the year  
April has no stage-fright fear  
Ad-libbing here and there  
Pale anemones for her hair.  
Agile are her dancing feet;  
She looks lovely, she smells sweet.  
April promises so much  
But sometimes shows a tantrum touch!  
Yet what starlet known to you  
Equals April -- Ingenue?

Read over station KFBI

Ida May Hull,  
Editor

\*\*\*\*\*  
SPRING FEVER

This April day of sun and shade  
seems to be expressly made  
to take a walk in, to explore  
the countryside beyond my door.

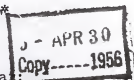
I know a place back in the hills  
where I might find wild daffodils,  
and on my way I'd surely see  
the pink veil of a redbud tree.

The greening pasture on my way  
would hold some baby lambs at play;  
White clouds would drift across the sky;  
I'd hail a soaring butterfly.

But suddenly I'm worn and tired,  
something surely has transpired  
within the hour, to make it seem  
its nicer just to sit and dream.

IDEALS

Helen Etnire.



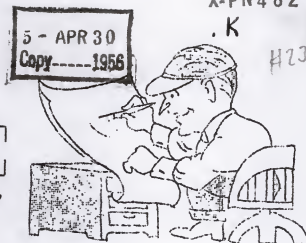
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# THE KEYHOLE

Volume III

Number 7

April 1956.



Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr.  
39 Marianna Street  
East Lynn, Mass.

Judy Steele  
42 Windsor Avenue  
East Lynn, Mass.

## A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION.

As the sponsor of the motion before the Executive Board to bar the PEACEMAKER from the Bundle, I am, of course, pleased that a majority of the Executive Board agreed with me. I do not believe that this can be construed in any way, shape, form or manner to be censorship. My main objection to the inclusion of the PEACEMAKER in the Bundle was not because of its contents (as distasteful as they might have been) but due to the fact that it was not an Amateur publication. Let this action of our Executive Board serve as a warning to any political group that we will not allow the United to be used as an outlet for their publications.

At this time I cannot go along with the recommendations of Mr. Kiss to the Executive Board that the OLD OAKEN BUCKET be barred from the Bundle. This Sheet has never failed to be anything but objectionable to me, however, I do not consider this justification for barring this paper from the Bundle. There is nothing more objectionable on the face of this Earth than a bigot. I fail to see how anyone can really enjoy living if they will cut themselves off from Cultural contacts with any group for reasons of race, creed, or color. It is my belief that a bigot is so insecure within his own small social pattern, that he or she is frightened that contacts with other social and cultural groups will be beyond his or her grasp. Therefore providing a double frustration, one being the inability to grasp the new idea and the second being as a result of this failure, being even more insecure in his or her own class.

It hardly seems possible that the time for Nominations for officers of UAPA for the next year has come around. It seems like only yesterday that we had a Convention in Chicago. At this time I would like to state for your consideration the reasons for my actions during this term as President. As you are all very well aware, I have chosen a course which has kept me quietly in the background during most of this year. When one is honored by being elected President of a group he must carefully ask himself the question, "In what way may I be of the greatest service?" Then, upon reaching that decision he must stick to it irregardless of how popular or unpopular that decision may be, for this is what he believed to be right.

THE

KEYHOLE

Volume IV  
Number 3  
April 1957

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., Editor  
39 Marianna Street, East Lynn, Mass.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

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### CONVENTION SHIFTED TO MILWAUKEE

It is my unpleasant duty as president to announce that the annual convention will not be held in St. Louis this year. Under the authority granted me by our constitution I am shifting the convention site to Milwaukee.

I have served as Convention Committee Chairman (Boston "51") and I believe that I am qualified to judge the possibilities of convention success or failure.

I know that this move will cause disappointment to some of the members in the St. Louis area, but I can not as president allow the convention to be held in St. Louis. As president, I am responsible for the success of the convention, and as matters now stand I am not confident of a successful convention in St. Louis.

Among the causes for my decision are the following: Lack of response to the letter sent to the St. Louis members by the secretary. The secretary sent forty letters to members in the St. Louis area and received but two replies. Another reason for the change is that letters from the secretary to Eddie Schaffer in regards to the convention were returned marked "Refused". (Until this time he was to be appointed convention chairman.) There must be cooperation and understanding between the elected officers and the convention committee chairman. Without cooperation between these parties it is out of the question to hold a convention. I have taken this action with the full knowledge of the irresponsible charges that will be hurled at me by some members. However, so long as I am president, I SHALL BE PRESIDENT, and I shall take whatever actions I believe to be in the best interest of the United. This has been and will continue to be my creed so long as I hold office in the U.A.P.A. The United means enough to me so that its interest shall be first with me irregardless of the political consequences.

I have appointed Irma Reitel as Convention Committee Chairman. I am sure that she, along with the Milwaukee members, will arrange a program that will be enjoyed by all.

If any members disagree with me, I am sorry, but I will answer them at the convention. See you in Milwaukee in July.

5-MAY 15  
1957

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"If we were perfect what would our friends have to talk about"



5-MAY 15

"If we were perfect ~~would~~ would our friends have to talk about"

THE

KEYHOLE

Volume IV  
Number 4

April 1957

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., Editor  
39 Marianna Street, East Lynn, Mass.

A UNITED AMATEUR PRESS ASSOCIATION PUBLICATION

\*\*\*\*\*

Dedicated to the memory of

**GEORGE A. BOEHME**

April 19, 1894 -- March 28, 1957

Past President, Chairman of the Executive Board, Mailing Manager

**I SHALL NOT FEAR**

by Anthony Cama

The seed of fright shall perish in the heart  
Of those that love and hold their path in flame;  
And none shall be afraid of fevered heart  
That scorched its tears to wash its faceless name.

I shall not be afraid; I shall not fly,  
The flagellations nailed to mortal life;  
And though my veins, shall wither, knot and dry,  
My soul shall vanquish shadows born in strife.

I shall not be afraid, the tombs of dark  
Shall only hold my crumbled, useless dust,  
For I shall keep my spirit's deathless spark  
And suffer not the ravages of rust.

Let me go on and climb the stairs of night,  
I shall not linger on the frown of day,  
For in my soul, there glows a holy light,  
And I am fearless, when I kneel and pray.

It is with great sorrow that I announce the death of George A. Boehme, who passed away in Milwaukee on March 28th.

George joined the United in 1947 and attended the Convention in Jersey City that year. At the convention he was appointed Mailing Manager, a position which he held until his election as President in 1953. George then held the post of Chairman of the Executive Board. It was during his term as chairman of the board that he suffered his first heart attack.

Although he never fully regained his health after this attack he remained an active member of the United until the time of his death.

In addition to the offices that he held George issued his own paper "THE MAIL POUCH" and mimeographed many of the papers in the bundles.

Officially as president of the United, and personally as one of the many friends he had in the United, I extend my sincere sympathy to his wife Ethel, and his family.



X-PN4827

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## THE

## KEYHOLE

Volume III

Number 3

Lawrence L. Doucette, Jr., Editor  
39 Marianna St., Lynn, Mass.



## ON TO MILWAUKEE!

Now to continue the story of my convention trip. After the pleasant Sunday afternoon drive Jimmy Dolin drove us to the Union Station where we said goodbye to the Thomas' until we will meet again at next year's convention in New York. A short time later Jimmy said goodbye to us at the North Shore Station and Irma, Eddie and I were off to Milwaukee. I had planned to stay in Milwaukee for Three or four days. I ended up spending a little over seven weeks there. I rather feel like another Sheridan Whiteside ("The Man Who Came to Dinner"). The only difference being that I was not handicapped with a broken leg.

I thought that the heat had been sweltering in Chicago during the convention but Milwaukee was not to be outdone in this department. Milwaukeeans tell me that this was the hottest summer in over twenty years. This I can easily believe for we already have had thirty days when the temperature was over ninety.

Part of the time that I was in Milwaukee I lived with Eddie and the rest of the time I had a room right around the corner on eighteenth street.

First of all I must once again rave about that wonderful woman, Irma Reitci. All of us who have met Irma at our conventions have liked her very much, however, to visit with her at her home is to increase our love of her a thou-

sand fold. Some of my most pleasant memories of Milwaukee will be of the many enjoyable evenings spent at her home watching television and just sitting around chatting.

Another most deserving of my never ending thanks is Eddie Daas who was kind enough to have me as a "roomie" for a few weeks and then put up for the rest of my stay with my daily visits.

Irma is not the only member of the Reitci clan who can write. I had the pleasure of meeting her son John and his wife Rita. They are a very happily married young couple who are going to go places in the writing field. They live on Washington Island in the northern part of the state and I got to meet them when they came down to Milwaukee for a visit. Rita is on pins and needles right now waiting for final word from a publisher who is considering publishing one of her books. I have read chapters of the book under consideration and enjoyed them very much.

One Milwaukee member that you do not hear of too often is Norbert Marciniak. He is a big friendly chap who is quite handy with the stylus. He cuts many of the mastheads for the papers in the monthly Bundles, helps with the mimeographing and has donated much valuable material to the United.

I must also mention our hard working Mailor Irma Schmidt. I was present at the July and August mailings at her home. While getting out the Bundles entails a lot



# KEYS

#237

TRY THE FOLLOWING "KEYS" IN THE "KEYHOLE" OF YOUR MIND AND HEART---

\*\*\* Only a few have discovered the key to greatness, and yet it may be seized and used by millions....to unlock the slumbering powers within you.

You must open the door and enter the great treasure house of being---the YOU of your being.

- \* The best day is today.
- \* The most ridiculous asset is pride.
- \* The best teacher is the one who makes you want to learn.
- \* The greatest comfort is the knowledge that you have done your work well.
- \* The greatest mistake is giving up.
- \* The most expensive indulgence is hate.
- \* The greatest thing, bar none, in all the world, is LOVE.

\*\*\* To have a deep understanding of the qualities of these things, opens the book of nature. Therein are the truths of life written. To know thyself is one thing--to know the true relation to all else, the invisible, but provable and demonstrable, as well as the material, is the key to health, happiness and success.

- \* Careful planning, backed by enthusiastic effort, is as essential in human engineering, as it is in structural engineering.

\*\*\* Millions now living are dead but don't know it. Dead to the possibilities of their future. Dead to the opportunities of life. Dead to a vision of their own potentialities.

- \* Give me the storm and tempest of thought and action rather than the dead calm of ignorance or cowardice.

\*\*\* Just as the iceberg is nine-tenths submerged, so are our powers. These inner powers, we can call upon, are nine-tenths submerged and remain hidden unless we call upon them and use them.

- \* It is the ship at the wharf, not the ship at sea, that rots fastest; the still pool, and not the running brook, that stagnates.

\*\*\* It is the dominant trend of your secret thoughts which make or break your whole career, which beautify or mar your personality and which render you either radiant or repressive.

Therefore, be more careful of your thinking than you are of your money, if you would safeguard the greater values of life.

- \* Men have looked away from themselves and not at things so long, that they come to esteem each other by what each has and not by what each is.

\*\*\* Men and women are rushing hither and thither in the search for happiness and cannot find it; they never will until they recognize that happiness is already within them and around about them, filling the universe, and that they, in their selfish searching, are shutting themselves out from it.

- \* There are many causes of failure but the one that "leads the pack" is to be afraid of failing.